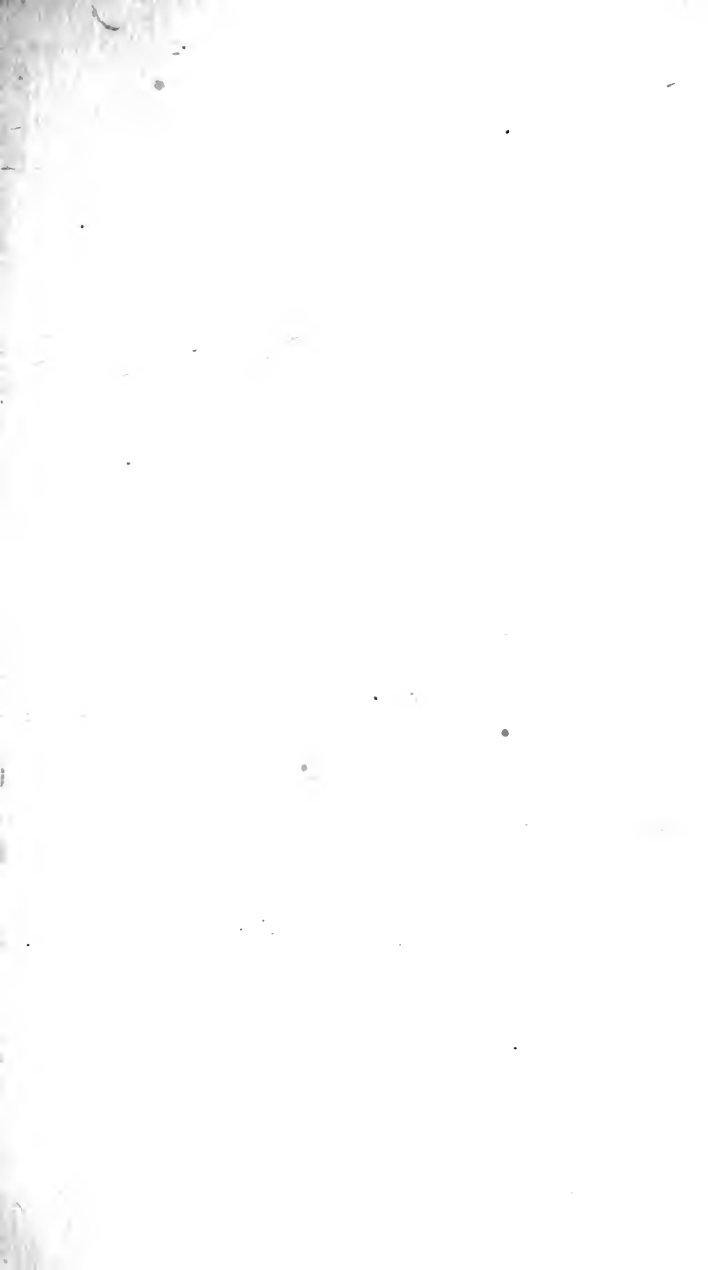




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THE
A R M E N I A N S.

A TALE OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

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"CONSTANTINOPLE IN 1828."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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THE ARMENIANS.

CHAPTER I.

At an early hour of a beautiful morning, a week after the events described in our last chapter, Constantine, who had received proper intelligence from Panayotti, was again crossing the valley of Buyukderé on his way to the boatman's house.

Autumn was by this time considerably advanced, but in this lovely and peculiar climate the traces of the harbinger of winter were

scarcely visible. The sward over which he trod—watered by constant streams and by the nightly dews, the produce of the Black Sea or of Belgrade's forest, retained to freshen the earth, by the form and disposition of the mountains—was rich and verdant as if it had been exposed to no summer heats; the thick and continuous bushes of myrtle, the clumps of dwarf pine, the groups of tall and graceful cypresses, and other perennial plants, could not be affected by the season, and it was only from the yellow leaves of the vast plane tree, the phenomenon that stands in the centre of the valley,⁽¹⁾ and from the appearance of a few deciduous plants scattered through it, that Constantine could see ought to warn him of the expiring year.

He reached the humble abode of the Greek boatman without being noticed by any of the

gentry of the village, and there found his worthy coadjutors.

“To-day at least,” said Panayotti, “we shall come off with success and glory! neither vizir nor yashmacks will interfere with us, the weather is beautiful, the dinner is already cooking at the drogoman’s house, and we shall have all the Tinghir-Oglus here before twelve o’clock.”

“We shall see,” said the Prince, commencing his breakfast with a better appetite, from the boatman’s assurance.

“But I hope you have not forgotten how to row?” inquired Panayotti.

“You pull the best oar on the Bosphorus,” said Constantine.

“That’s very true, and with my mate Nicolacki, I challenge the whole channel, and you may take in the Princes’ Islands, if you

choose," said Panayotti, with lively Greek vanity; "but what has that to do with your rowing, Chelibi?"

"Was it not you who taught me to handle a pair of oars, and is what you have once well taught easily forgotten?" said Constantine.

The boatman smiled happily, and made a graceful bow at the correctness and elegance of the compliment. The time, though somewhat slowly and tediously, wore away, and a little before noon the *artiste* who had been kept on the look-out by the impatient Constantine, for more than two hours, came with a welcome note of intelligence—that all the Armenians were really come—that Panayotti had received his orders to be ready to receive them in his boats at seven o'clock that evening.

"Now, God preserve us from a storm from the Black Sea, and a rough channel, and all

will be well," said the Prince. "And come, my good fellow, you may begin to make my face."

"As faces of my making are apt to wear out, had you not better wait till a later hour in the day, to have all the advantages of its freshness with you at starting?" said the painter.

The Prince esteemed the value of the suggestion, and deferred the operation; but what could he do to occupy attention during the long tedious hours that had still to pass ere he could become a boatman? He durst not venture out, for were he seen or heard of there, the Armenians would infallibly be scared away, and after such long expectation, and after having done so much, he would not peril the success of the expedition. He attempted to read, but though the book he had brought with him was Sophocles, and his eye and ear, as a Greek, though the inheritor of a degraded

idiom, were more susceptible of the sense and harmony of the divine language of Hellas than ours may hope to be, still Sophocles could not charm, nor Electra nor Œdipus occupy his mind.

He then attempted a conversation with the barber-painter, who was really a witty fellow, and had travelled to advantage through various parts; that is, he had learned the names and intrigues of all the distinguished *prima donnas* on whose heads he had operated, but (and for once we must praise our hero's good taste) *he* could not succeed, where Sophocles had failed, nor did his best story about a Roman Cardinal, a Neapolitan Marchese and *l'egregia* Cantabella, elicit any applause less equivocal than a long yawn. With this various lore however, and with walking up and down the room, like a restless lion in his cage, time wore

away with Constantine, and to his great delight he began to trace in the oblique shades and mellowing hues of the Asiatic hills, the evidences of approaching sunset. He stood at the narrow casement of the hut which commanded a view of the Bosphorus, unconscious of the beauty of the scene, and inattentive to the rapid flight of troops of those little brown birds, appositely called by the Franks of the country, *les ames damnées*, which, flitting up and down close to the waves, so quickly, that the eye could scarcely follow them, and never diminishing their speed or reposing in their flight, might have offered no inappropriate emblem of the restless condition of his own mind.⁽²⁾

It was now time to commence his outward transformation ; he threw off his elegant dress, attired himself in the boatman's drawers, shirt,

and jacket, and submitted himself to the ingenious hands of the *artiste* who had erst converted the low born singer into a princess, and the rabble of a theatre into dames and courtiers. Though reversing the former order of his proceedings, the barber-painter certainly redeemed his promise; a pair of portentous eyebrows were neatly collocated over the thin arched lines of the young Greek; his small and neatly-trimmed mustachoes were over-laid with an adhesive coat of black bristles, that stuck out beyond the lines of his cheeks; a little red ochre and a piece of burnt cork were potent in the hands of the magician; and when our hero looked into a fragment of a Triesté looking-glass, he indeed hardly knew the face which he had so often contemplated with complacency in his own mirror. He could not help laughing at the transformation—"Well,"

said he, "here I am, and a strange looking fellow you have made of me—a boatman too—the son of the Hospodar of Wallachia, a boatman! and all for an Armenian girl. If anybody had predicted this to me, I would have taxed him with false prophecy. But have not you made me rather too black—a little too ill-looking?"

"Oh, Chelibi, your face will be white to-night, and doesn't she for whom you put on this disguise know that the real physiognomy of Prince Constantine is a handsome one?"

"That's true enough," said the Prince, who, Greek-like, could not entirely suppress his vanity in any situation.

When Constantine again looked through the casement, the shades of night were rapidly falling; the channel was darkly grey, *les ames damnées*, if he had had eyes to see them,

could not be distinguished, and all the hues of the scene were subdued and melancholy, save a streak of purple light that dwelt on the peaks of the farther mountains.

“ ’Tis the time,” said he to his tiring-man, “ ’tis the time for me to play my part in this novel masquerade—go to the quay and see Panayotti’s state of preparation.”

The messenger speedily returned.

“ It is indeed time,” cried he, joyfully, “ Panayotti and his men are waiting at the quay, and the Armenians are expected every minute.”

Constantine took the path that led to the banks, but, conscious of his own identity, and unaccustomed to the influence of a travestied attire and face, he could not help fearing to be discovered, and to hear from the first person he met, “ that is no boatman.” He, however,

reached the quay in pretty good countenance, and began to converse apart with Panayotti, until the party should appear.

“ You will know the Cocona ?” said the intelligent boatman.

“ Under a thousand yashmacks and feridjis, if there be but light enough to see.”

“ Light enough there will be,” rejoined Panayotti, “ for here they come; and now, Prince, use your eyes and your ears, and get into the caïk in which she is to embark—the sternmost oars, in either, are reserved for you.”

Constantine’s heart beat quickly as the festive procession sedately advanced—the women walking first like sheep before their drivers, the cal-packed males of the family next, and the Seraff Yussuf bringing up the rear, in company with their host, who was shuffling along in all the dignity of a drogoman’s yellow slippers.

Constantine had not deceived himself as to his quickness of penetration, he knew Veronica by her air and carriage, and when the party gathered by the boats' sides to consult as to the arrangement of embarkation, he once again heard that silvery voice which he had not heard for so long, but which he could never forget. He leaped into the boat for which she was destined; he was so happy even as to give his hand to assist her to descend, to feel her balmy breath on his cheek, as the caïk received its lovely freight. He was luckier still, for, making way for her elders and superiors, and there was no gallantry in the Armenian men to object to her taking the worst place, Veronica sat down in the bottom of the boat close to the sternmost rower's bank—so close that Constantine could have touched her.

The whole party being comfortably seated

cross-legged, the fishing apparatus being properly placed, and the Catholic prayer said by Padre Tiraborsa, who, among his other good qualities was a great coward, and quoted classical authority to prove that a man in a boat was only separated by a plank from death, the caïks were thrust from the shore, and rapidly pulled across the Bosphorus by the boatmen—among whom, be it said to his honour, our hero distinguished himself. The bark containing the gentlefolks was followed by a caïk, loaded with servants, the supper, and three Armenian musicians.

The part of the channel chosen to be the scene of the piscatory exploits of the night, was between the valley of the Grand Signior and the Giant's Mountain ; and a lovely scene it was, in itself and its accessories. The moon that now shone, was somewhat in its wane,

but there was light enough to make out the bold and varied lines of the hills behind Buyukderé, the shelving shores of the Asiatic bank, and the grand mound which, in the superstition of the country, a Mahometan dervish has usurped from a Greek hero, real or fabulous—a very demi-god of boxing ! ⁽³⁾

Between the shores of Europe and Asia appeared the dark Boghaz, mournful as the grave ; but looking downward, between those hills, in the direction of Constantinople, the scene was lifeful and gay. Other fishing parties were scattered in groups of boats on the waters, and the domestic ray beamed cheerfully on the shades of night, from many a lattice on the banks, or up the hill's sides. Each fishing caïk was furnished with torches, and a small iron grating at the end of a rod, in which pieces of the dried pine-tree burnt in brilliant flame,

was placed at the prow of every boat. As the caïks glanced across the channel, as they crossed each other in their path, with the red flames floating backward on the night-breeze ; and as they gathered in knots, under the shelter of some little headland, and by caprice or accident, formed into strangely shaped phalanges, the effect was picturesque and exciting to a degree rarely surpassed.

It might have recalled the midsummer night-scenes of the bay of Naples, where the fishermen's barks similarly illuminated, are seen in detached parties, floating on the hushed waves of the lake-like bay, from Posillipo's point to the foot of mount Vesuvius by Portici. Or to the eastern traveller the scene might have resembled still more closely the night-views of some Indian river, with the merry natives mak-

ing a pastime of the occupation which furnished them their food.

We may question whether our hero occupied himself with pictures or comparisons. When the boats of the Armenian party took their station, Constantine relinquished his oars, and evinced a deal of skill and activity in pointing out the proper places to throw the line and the net. The universal mind of the Armenians was soon occupied with the sport—all, save Veronica, who sat in melancholy silence, though so near her lover. She was soon, however, made the happiest of the party, for as the intelligent boatman, who seemed to direct the sports of the night, bent over the edge of the boat close by her side to arrange her line, a voice, a whisper from Constantine informed her of his disguised presence.

Her first impulse which however she restrained, was to utter a shriek at the unexpected recognition : the second, and she had not the coyness to check it, was to press the hand of the prince as it lay close to her on the boat side.

By the light of a torch which he held, Constantine gazed on the face of the Armenian maiden, who, fancying herself free from observation or restraint, had thrown aside her yashmack, more freely to breathe, and to feel the delicious freshness of the autumnal evening ; and had he not before loved, he might have been excused for becoming now, passionately enamoured of those exquisitely delicate features, and the touching expression they wore. But as it was, the sight might give madness to passion. Since he had seen her last, her cheek had become thinner, paler—

and could he conceal from himself that it was all for the love of him ?

A few short words, to which love gave a sense and emphasis, vast and indefinite, were exchanged between the long separated pair ; but caution was necessary to avoid detection, and, turning to a different part of the boat, the talk of Constantine was again—of fishes. Other opportunities however were seized, and in the course of the fishing, the hand of Constantine was several times locked in that of Veronica, and his adventurous fingers dared to trace the exquisite curve of her eyebrows, and to press the down of her cheek—the softness of her lips.

The Black Sea that night sent down its finny shoals in extraordinary abundance ; the sport was good, and the Armenians were in high spirits. We cannot venture to state how many

okkas of palamedes and luferi ⁽⁴⁾ were taken ; Constantine kept no register, but we doubt not, as in most of those amateur expeditions, the quantity was prodigious—as told by the Armenians themselves.

When the midnight hour approached, the fishermen ceased their pleasant toils, and it was determined to row a little way down the channel, and to land at the valley of the Grand Signior, whither the supper, the domestics, and the musicians had already been conveyed. With Veronica close to him, with her eyes fixed on his, and his on hers, the Prince pulled at the oar, firm, contented, and proud, as the best of the Argonauts, when they bore the golden fleece in their bark away from Colchis.

As the caïks touched the strand, he was the first man to leap on shore, or rather knee-

deep in the water ; and to have the chance of feeling the gentle weight of his Veronica, he submitted to the fatigue of landing nearly all the passengers in the boat, male and female, and even carried the fat old Banker, Yussuf, on his shoulders to dry land. But he was repaid—he did receive within his trembling arms the light elastic form of Veronica ; the last to leave the caïk ; and as he deposed the love-burden that he would fain have carried to the end of the world—swift, and unseen, as her face passed his, he impressed a kiss on her lips—the first kiss of his love.

A short way up that enchanting valley which might be love's Tempé—a short way from the water's edge, magnificent planes and other trees of lofty stem, and almost perennial verdure, are scattered about most felicitously, as in a stately park, where the hand of art and taste

has lent its aid to nature, and in a nook where those trees are thickest, there stands a humble Turkish coffee-house, and near this, with a very laudable selection, the Armenians had determined to take their repast. The servants had already spread the *skemnès* or low Turkish tables, on a large Egyptian mat that covered a more beautiful carpet—the rich and still green sward ; the neighbouring coffee-house had furnished its nine inch-high stools for the party to sit upon, and a culinary fire of charcoal and dried twigs, burnt ready to cook the delicate fish, fresh from the waves.

Whilst two of the boatmen were left in charge of the caïks, the rest, and Constantine of course was among them, followed the Armenians to assist during the supper, and to partake in the festivity. To have seen our hero one might have thought he had been

bred a *cafidgi*, or had served an apprenticeship as waiter in a frequented *Kibaub-shop* at Stamboul.⁽⁵⁾ He was here and every where in a moment; he arranged the plates, he poured out the ruby wine of Gallipolis, and the amber-coloured produce of Cyprus' vines, from their skins, into sparkling French goblets, or humble *carafes* of Triesté; he blew the little fire, turned the savoury fish, as in these occupations the ladies of the party engaged, and he could stand by the side, and share in the gentle toils of Veronica. The Armenians could not help observing the boatman's readiness, and old Agop even asked Panayott iwhere he had got such a good hand.

“The youth is a cousin of mine,” said the master of the crew, who had his lesson perfectly by heart, and was ready to tell just as many lies as should be necessary.

“ And a fine youth he is,” rejoined the Banker ; “ when you send your caïk to me again, be sure you send him with it.”

“ It will be his happiness, Chelibi,” said the boatman, putting his hand to his breast.

The party sat down to supper : the *luferi* were perfect in flavour, the *palamedes* good, the cold dishes from the *drogoman*’s kitchen, excellent, the wine at once delicate, generous, and abundant—and all were happy.

As the repast proceeded the musicians seated themselves under one of the plane trees at a short distance, and began their performance. The airs, like the instruments they played, were Turkish—simple, but wild and spirit-stirring. Constantine sat down in the rear of the festive group, and, absorbed as he was, he could not be all insensible to the charms of that nocturnal scene. The torches,

and the iron grates, with the blazing pine-branches, that had been in the boats, were suspended from the embowering trees, or stuck in the ground; the red light they cast fell upon the banqueters, and dispelling the gloom for some distance around them, disclosed, with singular effect, the massy trunks and the lower branches of the erect planes and gnarled oaks; beyond, and above head, reposed the shadows of night; yet the veil was not so dense but that he could see, through the boles of the trees, the white kiosk of Sultan Selim,⁽⁶⁾ on one side of the valley, and the whiter minaret of a Turkish village on a hill on the other side. "This is a pretty treat," thought Constantine, "the Armenians have procured me, though I have worked hard for it." And he stretched his somewhat tired arms and legs, and disposed himself to the double enjoyment of sight

and sound. The music, which, to him, had the charm of early associations, elevated his susceptible spirits, and he was beginning to fancy himself the lord of the feast, and that the party was there at his invitation, and for his particular amusement, when a call was made by the Armenians for some choice sweetmeats that were to finish the supper. Veronica, the willing Veronica, whose alertness had already surprised her friends, rose to seek the curious eastern combinations of paste and sugar ; Constantine, the active attendant, was at her side, and they took together the way to a large basket, which had been left under a tree a few paces distant. A friendly plane interposed its broad trunk between the lovers and the party : the sweetness of the first kiss was yet upon their lips, and as they stooped together to draw the sweetmeats from the basket, those quiver-

ing lips (when might they meet again !) mingled in another kiss—and another.

The hearts of both beat somewhat wildly, as they returned to the festive circle, and when Constantine laid the treasured luxury on the skemnès, in its broad salver of silver, he knew not whether he was in heaven or on earth. But, woe the while ! there were eyes there with more mundane perceptions fixed upon his flushed face.

“ Why, what is this ? ” cried one of Veronica’s burly cousins, stopping the cup of cyprus which had performed half its journey from the table to the lip, “ what does this mean ? the palikari has lost one of his eyebrows ! ”

“ And, as I am a sinner, here it is, ” cried another, “ on Veronica’s bosom ! ” and at the same time he brought the bristly produce of the barber-painter’s ingenuity from a fold in

the maiden's yashmack, where it had fallen and adhered, when separated from its fellow by the gentle violence of one of those dear but fatal kisses, and the sharp-eyed discoverer held it out between his fingers for the inspection of the company.

"Ho, ho!" cried Padre Tiraborsa, "here's a *travestimento*—a disguise—an intrigue—the Prince is here!"

"The Devil!" exclaimed the devout but startled Armenians, and each of them sprung to his feet, whilst the women shrieked aloud as if his satanic majesty had indeed been before them with all the terrors of hoof and horn. The little tables were upset, the wine cups poured their delicious contents on the no ways thirsty earth, the sweetmeats that had brought as much disorder as the opening of Pandora's box, were trodden under foot, and

all the boatmen came running to see what could be the matter.

Panayotti understood the whole story in a moment, and he turned from the Armenians, who began to reproach him as the contriver of all the mischief. Constantine at the first production of his fallen eyebrow, had turned away his head, vowing vengeance against the barber-painter ; nor, impudent as he was, could he for some time face the Armenians, who growled and hissed their reproaches with great vehemence. He did, however, at last turn upon his upbraiders, and if with a colour on his cheek, it was the deep red blush of anger, not of shame ; for he had caught a word from Agop the younger, the man to whom he was particularly indebted, as the interceptor of Verónica's letter, which sounded very much like a threat of personal chastisement.

“You ill-bred hound,” cried Constantine, and he leaped towards him, and tapped him on the shoulder, but with such violence that the Armenian jumped, and at the shock his big black calpack bounced from his head, and fell an innocuous bomb between them. “You coward and blockhead ! were it not for your sister I would twitch your mustachoes from your ill-looking face !”

Here the women shrieked, and the drogoman and old Agop cried out, “Why sure he’s not going to finish his crimes by murdering us all !”

Constantine’s anger subsided into contempt ; he stepped towards the women to say a farewell word to Veronica, but at his approach, aunt, cousins, sisters, and all huddled round the confused girl, and almost buried her in the midst of them, whilst Padre Tiraborsa, who

had run to the shelter of the feridjis, as protection from the Prince's wrath, and was now included in the circle, pronounced in a trembling voice, and in his very worst Latin, an adjuration, or an exorcism to repel the evil one.

Seeing this impervious mass of life and robes, Constantine could do no more than say "Farewell! Veronica, farewell, my charming friend, we shall meet again," and he took the path that led through the beautiful valley to the sea-shore, without being so fortunate as to hear the tones which would have soothed his vexed soul, and which were faintly pronounced by the almost stifled Veronica—"Farewell, Constantine!"

Panayotti, who had not a word to say in defence, and who was not at all anxious to explain to the seraffs how the active boatman, the son of the Hospodar of Wallachia, was his cou-

sin, was already at the water's edge, where he readily consented to row away at once, with the Prince in one of the caïks, and to leave the Armenians to huddle altogether in the other, or to make two parties of it, or to remain where they were, just as they might think proper.

“Well!” calculated the boatman, as they rowed across the channel to Buyukderé, “I have made a pretty fishing night of it—for a certainty, like Melkon, I have lost some customers—drogoman and seraff—I shall never serve either of them again! Perhaps, too, I shall hear something more of this business, to my cost, for they are potent and hard-hearted men, but the Panagea is merciful, the Prince is rich, I have served him well, if he would lose his eyebrow it was no fault of mine, and no doubt he will pay the consequences!”

CHAPTER II.

THE noise made by the adventure of the wall and shahnishin was nothing compared to that which was now excited by the story of the fisherman with the eyebrow ; and whether at the Fanar or at Pera, between which places he divided his time, Constantine was sure to meet with some dear friend or other to recall it to him, or to ask him the particulars.

Who had first given a form to the story, or an impulse to curiosity, it was not known, any more than whether that first narrator had been correct in his data, or otherwise. But stories like rivers change their names and their natures in their lengthened course, and the present one

of Constantine seemed to be more than usually mutable or susceptible of variety. It was told in twenty ways at once, in the different societies of Pera, particularly, where men meet to smoke pipes, and the women to chew mastic,⁽¹⁾ and the cud of bitter scandal.

The most exaggerated version was of course that which most generally obtained, and it was asserted that the Prince with a band of lawless Greek sailors from the Black Sea had surprised the peaceful Armenian party in the valley of the Grand Signior, and had been prevented from violently carrying off Veronica, only by the presence of mind of Padre Tira-borsa, who had shouted out *Gloria in excelsis!* here comes the Bostandji-Bashi! at which the alarmed party ran away to their boats.

There were some addenda, such as the Prince's having been well cuffed by young

Agop, and his having fallen on his knees, saying he was ready to become a member of the Catholic Church, like the Armenians, if they would but consent to his marriage with Veronica : but these points rather staggered belief; for when had an Armenian seraff been known to fight, or a Greek desert his heretical church?

A tale such as Constantine's might indeed have formed a nine days' wonder in any place, even where the blessings of the press are enjoyed, and the scandal of a capital served up every morning at breakfast ; but at Pera, the dull, the monotonous, where, for want of matter, the gossips' tongues will run for a month on the subject of Madame l'Ambassadrice's last new bonnet, or the colour of her robe, it may be imagined how long it was calculated to occupy attention.

The manner in which the story affected

the character of our hero, varied perhaps even more than the story itself; the old, the austere, the bigotted, whether Catholics or Greeks—all the men in years who had unmarried daughters, or young wives, (the more perilous charge of the two,)—all the spinsters of a certain age, who had no sympathy for a passion—for a folly, which their matured prudence set them above, whilst it relieved them from all temptation, were clamorous against the young Greek. But in the eyes of the more youthful part of Pera's society, of the ladies particularly, Constantine, whose person, and manners, and taste, had always made him a favourite, rose immensely in estimation—what their elders called an iniquitous perversion, they considered a romantic attachment; and, had our hero been so inclined, there was more than one female heart predisposed by the admiration

of his constancy, to join him in the sin of breaking it.

Among the European settlers, and those persons who had been accustomed to a less restricted form of society than what prevails in Turkey, the judgment on Constantine would be one of mitigated severity—indeed as regarded them, the whole business only made him the more popular; the handsome Greek became a lion in the palaces of the diplomats, a *soirée* was considered incomplete without him, and the whole French legation was thrown into the extasies of admiration and applause.

And was it not something in the ungallant monotony in which they were condemned to live, to meet with such an adventurous spirit?—Was it not something, to hear of an intrigue that had other objects in view than place, or

power, or money—the threads of which intrigues, as played through the fingers of the Turks, were sure to be wet with the tears, if not with the blood of one of the rival parties? Was it not something for these young Frenchmen, who considered gallantry as an element, essential to their enjoyment of existence, to hear of love—of love in Pera, where, but for the occasional presentations, at the baptismal fonts they might have doubted whether the passion had not ceased to warm the heart of man and woman?

It was not, however, in the admiration of people with whom he had but few feelings in common, and certainly not that of converting his connexion with Veronica into the subject ground of gallantry and éclat on which he was to raise an edifice to his pride and wit—and to her shame : it was not in the courteousness

of proud European dames, nor in the smiles of those fair maidens who had received their life, and melting black eyes in the east, to cool his all but hopeless passion.

The society that sought him, would indeed amuse for awhile, but his best resource was still his gallant steed, and the Thracian solitudes. When scouring those dusky heaths beyond Stamboul, the day-dreams he indulged in were numerous, and, need we say? like lovers' dreams in general, they were wild—inconsistent—impracticable.

The airy castle which cost him most pains in construction, and to which he longest adhered, assumed the form of a neat little white stone mansion, on one of the islands of the blue Ægean: Veronica was his wife, he had carried her off by force or by artifice—Greece was free, and gave security to their existence,

whilst the career on which she had entered to regain her former civilization and glory, offered a fair field for the exertion of his dormant energies. Alas ! he forgot that his father was Prince of Wallachia—that Greece was still a scene of confusion and blood, that pirates beset the fairest of the Cyclades, that he was in the hands of the sultan, and that Veronica was closely immured at Kandilly.

Meanwhile winter was fast approaching: the winds from the Black Sea began occasionally to drift sleet and cold rains ; the mountains were fringed with snow, and thick vapours, descending on the northern gales, obscured the bright expanse of the sea of Marmora, and rarely permitted a glimpse of Mount Olympus. The innumerable caïks that were seen morning and evening, wafting so considerable a portion of the denizens of Constantinople, were no

longer traced on the Bosphorus, but its current bore downward towards the Golden Horn, the sear leaves of latest autumn, stript from the planes and other deciduous trees that grew on its banks and hills. The houses on those hills and banks were deserted by their fair-weather tenants, and even the seraffs, though they knew that Constantine was there, were obliged to return to their habitation at Pera.

It was the *artiste*, or the barber-painter, whose throat Constantine had not cut for the misadventure of the eyebrow, that first brought the welcome intelligence, that Veronica and all her host were safely housed in their mansion, stately, though of wood, that formed one of the most striking features in the shabby street that runs nearly the whole length of the hilly suburb.

This ingenious fellow, who united the ex-

perience of an Italian theatre to his natural and Greek dexterity, had never, like the Armenian Melkon, been detected by the seraff's family. His handicraft had indeed been seen, and its force felt on the night of the supper, but he had been kept out of sight, and might still be employed as an emissary to pry about the Armenian residence. The only thing that imported was to mask his communications with the Prince ; but to one so clever, this could not be difficult, nor did his confidence in his talent permit him to doubt but that he should soon renew the correspondence between the fair captive and her impatient lover.

The *artiste* met with many difficulties.

At last he succeeded, and gained admittance within the seraff's walls, as the devil got into this world—through a woman's vanity!

It would not be suspected that Eastern fe-

males who have such rare opportunities of shewing their faces, should take much trouble “in making them up;” and it would be thought, that the difficulty of exhibiting themselves to admirers out of doors, would save them the trouble of painting themselves within; and yet there are no women under the sun, who make a more frequent use of cosmetics than the ladies in Turkey. The passion for them pervades all classes: the flower of the harem consumes a little treasure in the extraneous tints; the Armenian drudge lays it on as thick as the Greek lady—but the latter, at least, has an advantage over the others, for she walks about the city with an unveiled face.

These Eastern dames, moreover, surpass our ladies of the West, in the number of their artificial hues, for, besides the lilies and roses they plant on their cheek, they use the black-

ening surmé for their eyebrows, (which when they can, they unite into one) and for their eyes, round which it casts a melting and most voluptuous expression ;⁽²⁾ and they dye their finger-nails and even their toe-nails with khenna.

The hand-maidens of the seraff's house were accustomed to purchase the charms of their complexions from a boyadji or itinerant vender of colours, one of those who perambulate the streets of Constantinople, enquiring who will be beautified.

The barber-painter, ever on the watch, like the serpent of old about the avenues of paradise, saw this merchant of beauty one morning entering the gate of the seraff's house ;—he rubbed his hands in joy, for he knew him, and knew that, Turk as he was, he was an unscrupulous rogue, who would lend himself to any plot

that should put money in his girdle. The *artiste* waited till he re-appeared in the street, and then following him, he, at a convenient corner, and with as little circumlocution as might be, opened his business.

“ You promise me twenty piastres if I will carry a letter into the Armenian house and deliver it to the young lady Veronica, but I do not go beyond the threshold of the hall-door, I never see the damsels of the house—there are several of them too—how should I know Veronica from the others?—and then they don’t go with bare faces like some men’s wives. Covered in their yashmacks, if I did see them I might pop the letter, instead of into the hands of the kuz, into those of her grandmother.”⁽³⁾

“ Ah, my dear Kara Mustapha, you are a clever man—your intelligence is as bright as a new English watch⁽⁴⁾—you know the difference

between alum and barley-sugar—and pray, don't you happen to know among the hand-maidens, one, more particularly than the rest—one who if you were to slip a tiny piece of paper into her hand, with a supply of your colours for her toilet, and such a thing as a ten-piastre-piece for her purse, would convey the first of the articles to the young lady in question?"

The boyadji reflected for a moment. "There is," said he, "a poor wench I have sometimes cast my eye upon, a fag that seems to serve the servants; she has frequently approached my basket, but probably not having the means, has never bought of my wares; even this morning I saw her looking wistfully over the shoulders of the other women—perhaps she might be tempted."

"Tempted! why, Mustapha, she must be

ripe for anything!—what conspiracy could frighten a woman that is too poor to paint her cheeks?—and then as to our business, we treat of a matter simple and without danger, either to her or to us.”

“ Twenty piastres,” said the vender of colours, “ would be soon earned, but would not it look very much like playing the part of a pezavenk ?”⁽⁵⁾

“ Kara Mustapha, that’s alum—don’t swallow it—pezavenk, indeed!—do you think I would have you eat such dirt?—No, no; you would only have to carry a bit of paper, now and then, and your prophet bids you esteem bits of paper !”⁽⁶⁾

“ But the words written therein will not be the words of the Khoran.”

“ How do you know that,” said the *artiste*, “ you can’t read, and a bit of paper is always——”

“ A bit of paper—and twenty piastres are twenty piastres ; but could not your master, whoever he is, make thirty of them ?—the skin over my conscience is thinner than the finest paper ever made at Kiat-hana.⁽⁷⁾ I think after all I shall be playing something very much like the part of a go-between—couldn't you make it thirty piastres ? ”

“ Kara Mustapha ! it is not for men like you and me to lower the price of conscience ! be it then thirty piastres. Inshallah ! and you shall have thirty piastres ! ”

“ Allah Kherim ! I have made a good day's work,” cried the vender of colours, and the whole business was settled.

The very next evening Veronica was standing at a little window at the back of the house, but not to look over the beautiful scene that was thence disclosed. She was reading a letter, a

short and passionate letter—the first she had received for so long a time from her lover ; and before night Constantine received an answer, shorter, but scarcely less passionate.

The boyadji had fully succeeded ; the lowly handmaiden, as had been calculated, was not proof to the united allurements of paint and gold, and through her means, an occasional epistolary intercourse was renewed between the lovers. Well contrived as it was, it did not last long.

Unfortunately for them and herself, the poor servant girl had the year before caught one of those violent intermittent fevers, which not unfrequently interfere with the enjoyments even of the Bosphorus, as a place of residence ; and this year, at the approach of winter, and in a very irregular way, the said fever returned upon the no ways patient sufferer.⁽⁸⁾ A little quinine

might have saved the peace of all parties, but the girl grew worse with her only remedy—a piece of thin leather dipped in a solution of gum arabic, tied round her pulse ;⁽⁹⁾ and being a good Catholic, in one of the most violent of her shaking fits, she was overcome by the adjuration of the family priest, and confessed all that she had done about the letters, between the Prince and her young mistress, to him and to Padre Tiraborsa.

This was a terrible blow. The time that had passed since the adventure in the valley of the Grand Signior, and of late an improvement in spirits and manner in Veronica, which had commenced with the renewal of her correspondence with Constantine, (and it ended with it) had lulled the Armenian family into security : they heard little or nothing of the Prince ; they thought his volatile

mind must have found other pursuits, or they thought not of him at all. But now, on the renewal of their apprehensions, they resumed all the vigilance and severity they had formerly exercised against the unfortunate girl; nay, they redoubled them. She was scarcely permitted to go from one room to the other, unaccompanied; she could not stir without having some spy by her side. She might almost as well have been chained, like the convict in the bagnio, to an odious companion whom there is no quitting but by a few links remove; and had she known the ancient story, she could have compared her fate to that of the sufferers of Mezentius' cruelty, for her love, which was her life, found no sympathy in the cold hearts of those to whom she was bound. For some time she was not permitted to go abroad, except with the family to church; and so closely were the doors

watched, that neither boyadjî or kalemkiardjî (10 could ever find ingress, and the maids were obliged to go and buy their paint, and their painted handkerchiefs in the town, or—to go without them.

It would be tedious to mention all the plots and projects of Constantine, who loved as unwisely and as faithfully as ever, and was irritated by each succeeding disappointment to fresh exertions.

One little adventure ought to be described, as it tends to prove the violence of his passion, and the lengths to which he could go, merely for a sight—an imperfect sight of his heart's idol.

In an avenue—a short but rather steep lane, which leads from Pera's street to the great Catholic church, the beggars of the suburbs are accustomed to arrange themselves, at

the seasons that service is performed. They are to be seen without distinction of religion or sect; and they are right: for the Christian faith of those who are wending to the temple ought to teach them charity to all men; and the donor of a few paras may be blessed in succeeding breaths by the Catholic, the Eutychean, and the Greek, or called the son of a sultan by the gratitude of a Turkish mendicant. ⁽¹¹⁾ Among these, one morning, being properly disguised and reduced to that apparent misery which poverty imposes, or even to that degree of it which is found necessary to attract the regardless eye, or work upon the idle sympathy of the prosperous that pass by, the son of the Prince of Wallachia took his stand.

We know not whether the utter humiliation of the hollowed hand, as felt by the ancient Romans, is known and purposely avoid-

ed by these beggars in the east, but all of them, instead of the meagre palm, present a small copper or tin dish, in which the minute paras fall with a tinkling sound.⁽¹²⁾ Constantine held the eleemosynary receptacle like the rest, and some fractions of farthings were given to him who had spent thousands of piastres in his present pursuit, and would spend many thousands more.

The day was the festival of one of those great saints with which the Catholic rites intercept the homage to the Creator ; the crowd was great, and Constantine stood long by the church door before he saw the approach of the Armenian family ; but they came at last, and he again recognised, under the folds of feridji and yashmack, his Veronica.

He could have followed her into the temple, and, in the exalted feelings of the moment,

and with an improved and softened heart, have knelt by her side, and offered up his petition to that all-bountiful Being, the common object of their worship, who could scarcely have intended that division and woe should be between them, because they differed in forms, which they could not understand. Wearing, however, as he did, the garb of a Greek, he did not think fit to go within, but he stood under the porch, looking through the open folding doors. We are sorry to have to describe an unedifying portion of what he saw, but the fact is recorded in the memories of many, and we give it without exaggeration.⁽¹³⁾

The pageantry of the morning was to open with a procession of the Host round the church. The officiating priest was arrayed in his golden stole, and stood under a portable canopy of gaudy silk, with the sacred deposit clasped in

his hands. The canopy had four poles, by which it was borne, and the bearing of it (alas for Christian humility !) was always considered an honour exclusively allotted to the men who considered themselves of the superior class—of the noblesse of Pera. Four persons had taken possession of the four poles of the canopy, and were about to begin their religious march, when a fifth stepped up, and laid hold of one of the angles, grappling with him who already occupied it, and who seemed nowise inclined to relinquish it.

“What’s the meaning of this upstart insolence ?” said the last comer, who had been a drogoman, but was now both out of place and out of cash, “you support the canopy over the santissimo ! why, you are only a dirty Galata shop-keeper !”

“I am as good a man as you,” replied his

rival in the unseemly struggle, and reddening with anger as he spoke, "I am as good a man as you, and I will not give up the post I have taken."

"You are a *backal*!⁽¹⁴⁾ a *roturier*! a *canaille*!" said the *ci-devant* drogoman.

"You are a beggar," retorted the other.

Here some persons present had the discretion to interfere, the second comer was obliged to leave the post to the first, and after such a scandalous exhibition, the solemn procession was commenced.

Our hero, who could scarcely be edified by what had passed at the commencement of the ceremonies, remained, unusually long as they were, until their end, and then, as the crowd slowly ebbed from church, he received his second reward—a brief glance of Veronica as she passed. Yet the pain was perhaps greater

than the gratification he received from the strange proceeding ; he was capriciously angry that Veronica had not bent her eyes on him, it was only for her he would for a moment have assumed such a disguise, and she ought to have known him among a thousand beggars !

He repaired to an obscure house, where the process of transformation had been performed ; he threw off his mendicant weeds, he resumed his gay and elegant attire, but it was not until he bestrode his proud Arabian steed, and galloped from Pera and its abominations, that he felt he had cast off the slough.

In this very unsatisfactory manner time rolled on ; it was now the depth of winter, and Constantinople, on account of its situation as relates to the Black Sea and the nature of the country in its neighbourhood, is not free

from short but smart visitations of the severity of that season. Snow was lying on the ground, with sharp frosts in the night; the merchants, as they descended from their airy tenements at Pera towards their magazines at Galata, by the steep and slippery infidel hill, were obliged to take special care lest they should break their infidel necks; the drogomans put on double and treble beneeshes as they took their dirty way to the Porte; and the ladies, in the absence of carriages, trod in huge Turkish boots to balls and parties. The tandour was lit in every house, and with its charcoal vapours the goodnatured Pera gossips, who preface the most uncharitable allusions with a "*que Dieu me pardonne, si je me trompe,*" might imbibe a portion of that prophetic spirit recorded by Anastasius. ⁽¹⁵⁾ It was winter, but the most se-

vere season in this climate is interspersed with lovely days and clear blue skies, most propitious to excursions and country parties. On one of these days, Constantine had arranged with a few young friends to pass some festive hours on the sunny heights of Bulgurlu, behind Scutari. He was on his way to the place of rendezvous, when passing a certain shop at the end of Pera, a very natural chain of ideas occurred to him.

Champagne and burgundy shamed the best of the Greek wines, he must be gay to day, and wine, while its effects lasted, might make him forget Veronica. He went into the magazine to purchase a supply ; he had often been there before, and the ear of its assiduous owner, though not lately, had been charmed by the music of his money.

The little shop was of that strange *non-*

descript description that prevails in Turkey, where a man turns his hand to many things, and sells objects as widely apart as grindstones and musical instruments. The article of wine however was by far the least conspicuous; the commodities exposed, were cloths and silks, linen, haberdashery, and products of the ingenuity of the *marchandes des modes* of Marseilles, whose somewhat provincial taste supplies the ladies of the Levant with what they cannot sell at home.

This same shop was a scene of great attraction to such of the fair Perotes as boasted Frank blood, but it was not entirely abandoned by the fair rayahs who could sport the finery it contained—within doors. The master called himself a Frenchman, in spite of his never having been ten miles from his present abode, and because his great grandfather, on the

paternal side, had been born at Marseilles. He was an active fellow, to whom the only occupation in life seemed to be *to sell*; he was, no doubt, a bit of a rogue; but that moral condition does not hinder a man from being useful in his way, if you know how to use him, and can make it worth his while. It was curious Constantine had never thought of him before, but he never had; and it was in looking for wine which was to give him a temporary forgetfulness of his mistress, that he found the means, of which he had despaired, of renewing his correspondence with her.

The shopkeeper, as he ushered the Prince into an inner room, offered his compliments and regrets, that for so long a time he should not have been honoured with his orders.

“I have been surprised,” said the loquacious fellow, “at my never seeing you here. I have

had the finest articles ever brought to Pera, *bas au jour, fichus, mouchoirs brodés, rubans*—the sweetest things ! and you have never been near me ; you ! who were accustomed to give away to your fair friends as many of these *articles de goût* as *nous autres Français*⁽¹⁶⁾ bestow sugar-plums on New Year's day—have you lost your gallantry, Prince ?”

“ You see,” said Constantine, “ that I have taken to drinking—become choice in my liquors !—don't you think one of these virtues quite enough at a time—I mean expensive enough for my purse ?”

“ If you drink but as hard as you have loved, you will be a good customer in wines !—There is not a headach, sir, in all that case of champagne—the very best quality ! But pray, may I ask you, what the seraff's daughter has cost in building, postage, and

painting?—I will not speak of servants and other go-betweens—they, of course, always do their work for nothing !”

The Prince gazed for a moment at the impudent fellow, and then said carelessly, “Hark ye ! I have lived just long enough in the world to be convinced that, whether in love or in ambition, or in any other pursuit, that occupies our stupid brains, and in which we require the assistance of others, the extent of the service will be measured to the amount of the money given, or of some other benefit conferred on the trusty agents. I *have* paid and *well*, but you seem to know my whole story !”

“And who is there that does not ? You are ashamed of it, perhaps, and tired of the affair, as we have heard nothing of it of late.”

“You may pack up this wine to be sent after

me immediately, but I don't know that you may be love's confessor."

"But I might be love's assistant, if you went on your old principle of paying handsomely for services received, and had not abandoned the pursuit of the Armenian fair one, for game less difficult."

"Explain," said the Prince impatiently, "what could you do to serve me?"

"Not much," replied the shopkeeper—"but I could slip such a trifle as a letter into *her* hands the next time she comes to my shop."

"Does *she* come here?"

"Not often, but a little later than this yesterday, she came to purchase a white muslin robe."

"Veronica here, and only yesterday!"

"In this very room—on the spot where you now stand, and here she's likely to be again in

a few days, for she gave me an order to procure stuffs for a mantle—*couleur de puce* ; lining, *blue de ciel*, and——”

“ You say you can put a note into her hand ? ”

“ Nothing so easy—the eyes even of Armenian women may be fascinated by the display in my magazine—look at those Brusa silks ! without vanity I may say I have the sweetest things !—Prince, allow me the honour of putting down a pair of these French bracelets to your account—they are just arrived !—I will contrive to rivet the attention of the lady’s companions, watchful as they may be, and then what so easy as just to slip your letter into her fair hand while I am shewing her a piece of fine cloth—thus.” And the dealer, spreading a piece of cloth on the table between him and the Prince, passed a pair of the above men-

tioned bracelets into Constantine's palm, adding, with an eye at once to intrigue and trading, "they are only two hundred piastres the pair!"

The Prince saw all the facilities of the avenue to Veronica presented by the trader's dark shop; liberal promises were made; a letter was to be sent early the following morning, and he went away to keep his appointment, rejoicing with his wines before he had drunk them; and paying, as an earnest of future generosity, without demur, the extravagant price set upon them and the paltry bracelets.

Every thing succeeded as had been wished: in a few days after Veronica received the Prince's letter; in a few days more Constantine was made happy by her answer; and through the same channel, a correspondence, at longer or shorter intervals, according to the

opportunities of visiting the unsuspected tradesman, was carried on between the lovers during the rest of the winter.

The passion that could live on thus, in a place where, as we have said, temptations to inconstancy were not always removed from the eye ; that could nourish itself on a few hurried letters, must have been of a hardy nature, yet Constantine's had no other food but that, and his recollections ; for in the course of months he never could speak to Veronica, nor did he see her more than two or three times, and then the beauty of her face was veiled, and the gracefulness of her form buried under brown cloth.

He would fain on one occasion have converted himself into the mercer's shopman, for the chance of seeing more nearly—of saying a word to the fair Armenian ; but the great

grandson of a Marseillian was inflexible ; he dreaded a discovery which might bring discredit on his shop—he protested it could not be—it would be improper—because it might injure his custom !

What the fellow did, however, he did well, for the furtive correspondence was never detected, nor even suspected.

CHAPTER III.

THE season of joy and hope, spring, had now arrived, and in this fair climate her steps are hasty as they approach summer.

The denizens of Constantinople and Pera, the Christian traders, and the Turkish effendis, began to think of relinquishing their dingy winter houses, for the pleasant kiosks on the channel, and the sultan's steeds were liberated from their stalls, to take their annual range in the lovely valley of the Sweet Waters.

The grand Greek festival of St. George, and

the first day of May, had passed, and had been celebrated by the remnant of an oppressed people, whose gaiety of disposition and spirit of enjoyment, no tyranny can destroy; the long month of Ramazan, that fell early this year, had elapsed, and the Bairam was now observed with the usual pageantries and illuminations.

Stambool, on its seven hills, and its edifices rising the one above the other, with most of their windows illuminated, and with festoons of lamps hung from minaret to minaret, or strung like coronals round those lofty and slender pinacles, looked like a fairy city.

After the usual celebrations, came on, about a week after the Bairam, the day fixed on which the sultan quits the palace of the seraglio, to take up his summer residence at the

cool and pleasant kiosk of the "Marble Cradle," on the Bosphorus. ⁽¹⁾

This transfer of the imperial abode is always observed with considerable form and ceremony, and even splendour. The Padishah, —a light and a shadow, ⁽²⁾ the shade of divinity and the light of the universe—left the ancient halls of the Christian emperors of the east, at evening, and in honour of his progress, a brilliant illumination was made at the Seraglio Point, and then on the other side of the Golden Horn, from Tophana Point to the imperial residence of Beshik Tash, whither he was going.

A range of blue lambent lights, burning in iron gratings, that were fastened on poles about six feet high, extended at short and regular distances from each other, between the two Points, and lesser lights, in lamps and cressets,

were occasionally interspersed along this range, whilst here and there a *feu de joie* blazed in their rear.

This illumination all the way on the bank of the Bosphorus, and close to the edge of its clear deep waters, had an effect that savoured of enchantment; and as the pure blue lights threw their rays on the darkening sea, and on the caïks and piadès that glanced up and down with admiring but silent passengers, as they disclosed the marine kiosks, the arrayed artillery of Tophana, and the crowds of Turks in their oriental and best attire; as they coloured the atmosphere for a considerable extent, causing the eye to see through a pale blue medium, mixed with a golden tinge, the fanciful observer might have imagined himself in other regions than our own, of earth, or in some subterranean scene, illuminated by "Bokara's vaunted gold,

and gems of Samarkand," or he might have recalled from his early reading of the Arabian Nights the gorgeousness of Bagdad, and the caliph, and the narrow straits might well represent the river of old fame that flowed by the imperial city.

It was spring, and the charms of Constantinople and its neighbourhood at this season, must be seen to be understood. But, glory and gratitude to the divine Creator, who has provided scenes of such exquisite beauty for our enjoyment, when once seen, they can never be forgotten ! They will return to the mind of the northern wanderer on his distant shore, and with a freshness, a splendour, and a potency that may dissipate for a while the snows and fogs that surround him.

It was spring, and the season of love. The gay green trees that contrast with and break

the gloom of those "faithful mourners o'er the dead," ⁽³⁾ the cypresses, were in their richest foliage, and colonised by happy birds that sang their unceasing songs of gratefulness within their branches.

All the narrow, winding valleys, like that of the Sweet Waters, were covered with carpets, verdant and rich, and besprent with flowers ; the wide heaths, the solitudes of the Thracian peninsula, looked gay with blossoming wild shrubs and hardy flowers ; and as the breeze swept over their vast extent, it bore with it an odour from the wild thyme and the springing myrtle, so sweet, so penetratingly luxurious, that the soul of icy age or of barbarity must have owned its influence, and have inhaled with it inspirations of tenderness and love.

The procreant cradles of the familiar storks

were tenanted by their callow offspring, the objects of so much affectionate care ; the amorous murmuring of a countless colony of little blue turtle-doves, love's emblems and his devotees, was heard from every cypress grove, in whose dark shades a host of human beings scarcely less numerous, slept the tranquil sleep of death.

The village of Belgrade, round which the fair and witty Lady Montague ⁽⁴⁾ has thrown a familiar charm, is situated a short distance within the vast forest of the same name, about twelve miles from Constantinople.

It is not now as it used to be in the days of her ladyship, the resort of ambassadors and foreign envoys, but its sylvan beauties still attract some visitors, composed chiefly of the families of Frank merchants from Pera or Galata, or of members of the drogomaneria, and some-

times, but less frequently, a few Greeks and Armenians transfer their household Gods there for a season.

That season is the spring, for by the middle of the month of June the place becomes unhealthy, and malaria miasma, generated by stagnant waters in the hollows, and condensed by a luxuriant vegetation and the closeness of the forest, drive the dwellers away to the saner districts of the Bosphorus or the sea of Marmora.

This year the seraffs resolved to transport their family to Belgrade, and a motive for this determination might be found in the circumstance that that village was comparatively a solitude, and that there they were not likely to be incommoded by the Prince, of whom however their apprehensions had lost their vivacity, as for a long time they had heard

nothing of him, and had remarked in Veronica an improvement in health and spirits—again originating in the renewal of her correspondence with Constantine and the assurances of his constancy, which held her to hope, despite of her present enthrallments.

To Belgrade therefore the Armenians went, and had they wished to find a spot to harmonize with, and to cherish the feeling of love, they could not have chosen a better—and at that season !

Veronica felt the influence of those myrtle-scented breezes redolent with languor and love, as she journeyed over the solitary heaths with such speed as may be expected on bad roads in an aruba or springless waggon drawn by a pair of oxen ; she gazed on the bright blue heaven above her, where not a cloud,

a speck—was left to speak of winter's storms and darkness. She bent her looks on the earth, and far as the eye could reach, it was delighted with the gay emerald tints of the growing grass, and the various hued flowers of the blossoming shrubs—white, yellow, blue, red—an earthly rainbow of blending colours !

In the little hollows left by the wavy surface of the Thracian heaths, miniature fountains gushed from the verdant sod, or streams of greater volume, unaffected as yet by the sun's heat, glided along in crystal purity, and babbled as they went their notes of coolness and tranquillity.

The few animals that occupied these solitary wastes added to the beauty of the scene, whilst they themselves seemed to be sensible to that beauty, and to the influence of balmy spring.

The frolicsome goats, as they browsed on the broom and shrubs on the hill-tops, were seen leaping from mound to mound and shaking their horned heads, and making the little bells round their necks tinkle with a romantic sound ; the quiet sheep grazing on the clearer pasture, would raise up their meek faces, and looking forward at some fair hillock which seemed greener still from its distance, would set off in sportive race, bleating with joyfulness ; the quieter herd, as they ruminated in the valley, would lift up their large round and sedate eyes—to which Homer could compare the eyes of Jove's wife—and as the cheerful canopy of heaven, and the surrounding hills with vales between them, and the distant mountains and the silvery sea beamed upon them, their breath, sweeter than the flowers they fed on, modulated itself into

lengthened and harmonizing lowings, the voice of their contentment.

On arriving at the selected retreat at the village, through a devious avenue of noble forest-trees, whose partially bared roots crossed the path, making it rough and sylvan; the magic of "the time, the tide, the spot," was felt still more deeply.

From the slight eminence, on which the village is situated, the eye could embrace the fairest and the largest of Belgrade's bends, ⁽⁵⁾ those artificial lakes or reservoirs, that look so much like the works of nature, having all nature's wildness.

On one side of that romantic sheet of water, the forest-trees stood thick and close to its brink, on the other a shelving breadth of pasture, a belt of emerald, round a crystal vase, intervened between the sedgy bank and the lofty

trees ; whilst at the farther end a mount arose covered with oak and beech, and all the forest's gloom and mysteriousness.

In other directions the observer could catch through the opening glades, brief glimpses of the flitting figures of the roe and the wild buck as they chased each other in sport or in love's caprice ; the banks of the little lanes that diverged from the village were thickly covered with the blue violet ; the streaked wild tulip, graceful in its form as beauteous in its colouring, grew in countless numbers, in the meadows between the houses and the bendt ; and contiguous to the lake the yellow crocus sprung in humid and congenial soil, whilst fringing the lake's edges, the broad leaved water-lily trembled with the gentle undulation of its surface.

In every direction the lively lizards in their

splendid coats of blue, and green and yellow, were seen gliding along like gems endowed with life and rapid motion ; the retiring wood-pigeons flitted through the dim forest, uttering their plaintive cry, and near at hand the more familiar turtle-doves plumed their blue feathers and filled the air with their murmurings—their one unceasing choir of love—melancholy as love even in its enjoyments, will be, in this world of ours.

The universal voice of nature—the united charms with which she spoke to eye and ear, whilst her breathing incense, the odour of plant and flower, and of fragrant cypresses and distant pines, addressed itself to another sense—all tended to awaken the amorous instinct : but in Veronica's young heart passion had reached its highest pitch. She went to sleep that night to the song of the nightingale, and could

it be otherwise than that her dreams should be all of Constantine.

We return to the Prince at Pera. Several days before their departure one of those little notes that found their way through the folds of the mercer's stuffs, informed him of the plans of the family, and his answer, returned in the same manner, flattered Veronica with the hope that he would find the means of seeing and conversing with her at Belgrade, where she might expect more liberty than she had of late enjoyed. Skill and caution were to be used, and so they were, by the Prince.

Ere the seraff's family arrived, he had been secretly to the village, and had engaged an obscure little house at its edge—an unobserved nook, whence he was to spread his web in secrecy. As had been agreed, he let some tedious days pass, to give Veronica an opportunity of

obtaining greater indulgence from the security and confidence of her family, before he made his visit to the forest. Another measure resolved on was, to disguise himself in the Frank, or European costume; for, should the samoor calpack of a Greek prince be seen in the village, it would of a certainty re-awaken the fears of the Armenians.

An ingenious French artist, who had improved his taste at Pera, furnished the necessary garments, and when Constantine was buttoned up in a coat—that puzzle in form—in waistcoat, and narrow breeches—the scorn of the Turks ⁽⁶⁾—he assured him that he looked *à merveille—parfaitement à l'Anglaise*; but, alas! the son of the Hospodar, who had all the exquisite taste of the oriental, “in what may be called picturesque design,” and for the effect of flowing robes and brilliant colours,⁽⁷⁾ thought,

like his countryman Anastasius under similar circumstances, that his personal attractions suffered by the change, and that he cut but a sorry figure.

But this was not all; the Greeks at Constantinople, like the Turks, the Armenians, and the others who wear the "long dress,"⁽⁸⁾ shave their heads—Constantine's was *razé* like the rest, and otherwise how could he have worn a thick fur cap, as big as a balloon? (his distinctive coëffure.)

A phrenologist might revel with delight among these shaven polls, but a bare skull would look unhandsome under our style of head-covering. Constantine felt this, and bought a wig that had opportunely been fished up a few days before in the "Golden Horn," whither it had been blown from the head of a Frank merchant, as he was crossing the water

from Stamboul to Galata, in windy weather.⁽⁹⁾ The hyacinthine locks, artificial as they were, did not look amiss to the Greek's eye; but it was far otherwise with the French hat he clapped upon his wig, to complete his head gear:—he thought that detestable, though he had worn the ugly calpack.

When one of his Turks saw him after the completion of his European toilet, the fellow could not help exclaiming, “Arserin Effendi (well done, my Lord!) but you look very like a monkey!”

Thus equipped, however, Constantine one fine evening took the road to Belgrade, not to win, for that was done already, but to secure the heart of the fair Armenian.

He entered the village at a hard gallop, followed by his clever Greek youth, Sterio, dressed like a suridji, just as the distinguished resi-

dents were returning from their evening promenade by the bendt. He even passed the family of the seraffs, who drew up by the road's side, wondering that any man should have so little regard for his neck and limbs, as to ride at such a rate ; but supposing him to be some mad Englishman.

The Frank attire, and the obscure house, answered to the purposes for which they were intended, and a young Greek—a shepherd, with whom the Prince shared the domicile, was an available emissary. He had already been at the seraff's several times and he knew Veronica among the rest of the females of that establishment. He was going that very evening with some cool yaourt, and caimac of peculiar excellence.⁽¹⁰⁾ He went, but he carried a contraband article with him, in the shape of a love-

letter, which he adroitly delivered to the fair consignee.

The next morning as the young shepherd drove his flock to their delicious pastures, he picked up an answer, skilfully packed up in an envelope of vine-leaves, which would have escaped the notice of any body who had not been previously informed, and desired to look out for such a thing under the walls of the Armenian house.

The pure white note, in its verdant covering, was conveyed to the Prince, nor did that day's satisfaction, nor love's artifice and masquerade end there.

On the same evening, as the Armenian family were taking their wonted walk round the head of the beautiful reservoir, Veronica proceeded a little in advance of her

relatives, and stopped to speak to a Greek peasant, who was tending his sheep by the sward on the water's edge. There was nothing to excite much attention in that—she was a capricious girl, and curious withal, and the “Lady Bountiful” wherever she went; she might be bestowing alms where apparent poverty would render them acceptable,—and besides, the others of her party were engaged in devout listening to a discourse on Christian charity, delivered by Padre Tiraborsa, the object of which was to impress on the seraffs’ minds the virtue of giving a certain sum to the priests of Pera, for masses in benefit of some poor devil, who had not left money enough behind to buy himself out of purgatory.

But that peasant was the Prince! and as he offered a garland of wild-flowers, he could press the hand of his Veronica, and again in

a few short, hurried words, express his passion and his hopes.

In this manner, and by varying his disguises—sometimes appearing in pastorals, with as little knowledge and care about flocks as the Arcadian shepherds of Rome, whose sheep are their rhymes—⁽¹¹⁾ sometimes as a gardener—sometimes as a wandering female yerook,⁽¹²⁾ or as a Bulgarian bag-piper, Constantine contrived to see and speak with the fair Armenian many times, in the romantic scenes of Belgrade.

One lovely evening Veronica detached herself from her tedious party, composed wholly of females, and straying, as if without object, from the devious path, met in the glades of the forest the expecting Constantine. She was not missed for some time, as a number of females passing the spring at Belgrade,

were walking in the same direction, and some of them had joined her relatives, and occupied their attention with gossip and scandal ; for not even veils, and wrappers, and seclusion can deprive women of taste for their natural aliment.

As might be expected, the lovers “ took no note of time ;” they walked on conversing, hand in hand, under the embowering trees where innumerable birds sang notes responsive to the outpourings of their young and passionate hearts ; but far more gay than theirs !

Constantine was urgent :—“ would she not then flee with him to some remote Greek village, where a priest of his church, at least, might be found to unite them with that holy tie which man is forbidden to burst asunder ? So good an opportunity as the present might not occur again—could she not trust her

destiny to him who had suffered and done so much for her, and could no longer live without her?" The youthful Veronica wept and trembled at her lover's representations, and his impetuosity; but still she somewhat adhered to the prudent and dutiful side of things, and would not consent to what she considered a premature elopement. She would wait—she would see what the future might bring forth; but, for the present, she could only vow, which she did over and over again, that no efforts of her family should change her love and her fixed purpose—and that, if at last driven to extremities, she would find the means of escape, and would *then* throw herself on the fidelity of Constantine. The Prince proposed making a demand in form, of her hand to her family; but she knew the members of that family, and their counsellors, and their pre-

judices too well, and supplicated he would desist from a measure which would only render matters worse. As circumstances now stood, they might yet meet a few times—and were the chances of so much pleasure to be thrown away? And now they must part!

Alas! they had stayed too long, and wandered too far; for when they turned to seek the way towards the frequented path—the promenade, where she should rejoin her friends—the rapidly advancing shades of evening had wrapped the always dark forest in intense gloom; the trees too, were there thick and entangling; their hurry confused them, and they lost their way!

Alone, lost with her lover—darkness, and a forest! Our eastern heroine's position must be deemed a critical one; but as true as truth inhabits the bottom of a well, respect and

honour were in that wood. Constantine supported her as she trembled from alarm, and speed : he long and sedulously sought the proper outlet from the forest's shades ; but he did not find it, until guided by the voices of the male portion of the Armenian family, who had been alarmed by the reported disappearance of the maiden, and were now shouting "Veronica ! Veronica !" with all their might at the edge of the thick labyrinth.

When their path was clear before them, the lovers separated. Constantine concealed himself in some thickets, and Veronica bounded to her friends, who, in the first movements of their joy at finding her, forgot to chide.

This gave her time to recover her presence of mind and her breath, and as they walked homeward she explained how she had been tempted by the beauty of the objects to leave the beaten

path, and walk awhile among the trees, and how she had lost her way when attempting to return.

Now all this, which was true enough, though not the whole of the truth, and the known eccentric moods of Veronica, might have imposed on her somewhat obtuse relations, and they might have considered the occurrence merely accidental, had it not been again for the suspicious Padre Tiraborsa, who muttering to himself in Italian "*c'è più robba qui sotto,*" and into the ear of the Seraff Agop, some Turkish words of equally mysterious import, soon led the whole of the family once more on the scent of the Prince.

Yet the Prince had neither been seen nor heard of for months. Veronica had for a long time shewn in her docility and cheerfulness that she was no longer afflicted by that improper passion ; and now, affecting to feel in-

sulted by the doubts of the prying priest, she left the room with determined silence and a look of scorn.

It could hardly be ; the Prince had not been seen—no ! nothing like him at Belgrade ; and when the family agreed to follow the advice of the old Italian, and to keep their eyes open, as to what was passing in the village, they felt convinced they should only make the discovery that Veronica had told the truth, and be confirmed in the opinion that Constantine, the fickle, dissipated Greek, had placed his evil affections elsewhere.

A fever discovered the furtive correspondence carried on by the lovers through the maid-servant and the boyadji at Pera ; a game of whist rendered them a worse service still at Belgrade.

Though unwilling, and fearful of permitting

their women to assume the style of life of the Franks, or even to frequent the Frank families, the men of the Tinghir-Oglus, as we have already remarked, and of one or two other wealthy Armenian houses, particularly the younger branches of them, had contracted an attachment to the pleasures of European society, and would frequently go abroad and indulge in them, leaving their wives or female relatives shut up at home in oriental privacy, monotony, and dulness.

The chief attraction to these sons of Haï, was not of a very pure or elevated character ; it was play ; and whist and *écarté* were the spells that bound them often to a late hour, among the less regular and less formal Franks, who for the chance of winning their mahmoodiers, would put up with the grossness of their manners—their calpacks, long dresses, and

boring conversation, or (what was more general,) their dull silence.

A brother and two cousins of Veronica had been particularly distinguished by these European frequentations, and the pleasures they had enjoyed the past winter in Pera, could be revived here, as more than one foreign merchant had taken up his abode for the spring in the forest of Belgrade, and dryads and hamadryads, turtle-doves, and nightingales, stood no chance in their estimation, with tricks and points, and "*je marque le roi.*"

The very evening of Veronica's misadventure in the woods, there was a large whist party, composed of all the resident Europeans, and of certain visitors from Pera.

On entering the room, the kinsmen of Veronica heard an animated discussion that had just begun, and as it was in French, one of

them who understood a little of that language, presently picked up a few particulars that interested him much, as they referred to events which had so recently introduced fresh uneasiness into his family.

One of the party had asked who was that handsome Frank stranger that had been of late met frequently in the road between Constantinople and Belgrade. Nobody knew ; but several said they had seen a young man well mounted, arrive at the village, where he never appeared among them. He always came in the dusk of the evening. Who could he be ? For some time each had supposed he must be a visitor in the family of some one of his neighbours ; but on thus comparing notes—and all the Franks were present—they found that the galloping gallant was known to none of them.

Here must be a mystery! The alarm of such as had handsome wives, and grown up daughters—the curiosity of *all* were excited.

“I tell you what it is, gentlemen,” said a sturdy little drogoman, who had just arrived and listened to the conversation, “there’s a plot and a conspiracy carrying on against some of us here, and we must look to it. I have just seen him myself!”

“Who is he—who is he?” cried nearly every voice present at once, “you, drogoman, know every body!”

“I believe I do,” said the little man, complacently twitching up his aspiring shirt-collar, “I believe I do—that is, all the *comme il faut* and *de bonne société* people and——”

“Then who is he—who is he?”

“That’s what I can’t tell, and there’s the mystery and the mischief of it,” replied the

drogoman. “As I was arriving about an hour ago, and coming down the green path, close by the bendt, a man in the Frank costume rushed out of the thickets, a short distance before my horse’s head: from his figure and dress I thought it was our friend T. here; I shouted out ‘*Sair ola effendi*,’ and called after him by name;⁽¹³⁾ he did not stop, nor turn his head, but walked faster on. Still thinking it must be T. I trotted after him; I wanted to know what the devil he could be doing there alone, and at such a time. When, mark ye, as I came up with the figure he turned round and shewed me a face I had never before seen—that is, with a hat over it; for I think it has met my eye before somewhere or other under a turban, and looking so angry and so wild, that—I just stopped and let him go about his business!”

“Very strange!” said the bachelors of the party.

“Very ill-looking and alarming,” said the husbands and fathers.

“Let us cut for partners,” cried the master of the house, who stood in neither of the capacities last mentioned. “What is it to us who he is—can’t a man in the Frank dress come to Belgrade, and walk in the woods by night—and drown himself in the bendt if he chooses, without our interfering?”

“It is not to drown himself that he is here,” said the drogoman; “but I will clear up this mystery—I will go to the Aghà’s to-morrow morning, and if this man in the blue coat does not declare himself in a satisfactory manner, the Turks shall rid the village of him.” (Here he looked at the card he had drawn.) “Hem! knave! I’m with *you*, my friend! Twelve

piastre points, and shorts. Your deal ! hem !”
(The dealer distributed the pasteboard arbiters of fortune.) “ The respectability and morals of our families—damn the cards ! what a hand !—are not to be exposed during our absence on our business at Pera and Galata to people who hide in woods, and whom nobody knows. I’ll take care——”

“ I wish you would take care how you play,” cried the drogoman’s impatient partner, “ you have trumped my suit.”

Here the discussion ended ; the drogoman, who loved play as much as wife and home, was soon absorbed in the intricacies of whist, in his own very peculiar calculations that sat Hoyle at defiance, and thought no more for the present of the mysterious and perilous stranger.

The next morning, however, he kept his resolution, and as soon as he “ had made him-

self smart," he posted up to the Turkish Aghà, who chanced to be in the village at the time.

The Osmanli was seated on a low dirty divan, in a miserable creaking kiosk, that looked over the village, the artificial lake, and the woods.

The little drogoman entered, with his chin kept at an elevated angle by the breadth and stiffness of his cravat, and his broad but short bust, tightened up in a spruce blue coat, and shining brass buttons—for he was not of those interpreters who wear beneeshes and petticoats.

Turks do not rise to receive visitors ; and such is their exclusiveness and contempt of Christians, that even when most disposed to civility, they never use with them the salutations and compliments they employ among themselves, but recur to a colder—an inferior style.⁽¹⁴⁾ This interchange of minor compli-

ment having been gone through, the drogoman propounded his business, and after explaining the cause of his alarm, finished with a flourish of trumpets about wives and daughters.

The Turk was silent—the drogoman twitched up his shirt-collar—the Aghà stroked his beard—the drogoman played with his long watch chain and bundle of seals, that in good taste dangled down the front of his nether garments—the Aghà passed in seeming listlessness, the fragrant beads of his colombojo through his fingers.⁽¹⁵⁾ Both were dignified personages in their own estimation, and were putting on all their importance at the moment; but it would have been amusing to mark the contrast offered by the sedate fixedness and immobility of countenance in the Turk, and the restlessness of feature and member, and the too apparent efforts at grandiosity in the Frank.

The chibookdji made his appearance, with a pipe for host and guest, and for some moments smoke, instead of words, rolled from their lips. At last the Aghà having sent a tremendous cloud through his nostrils, spoke—

“But you say this same person wears a *thing* like that,” (it was disrespectful, but he pointed to the drogoman’s blue coat and yellow buttons,) “is he not one of you, and out of my jurisdiction?”

“He is not of *us*,” replied the mystery searcher, “he is no respectable Frank, or *we* should know him. Hark ye, Aghà, you may have him seized, and examined, and make something out of him, in the way of fine; but if you neglect your own interests, and our protection—we have three drogomanesses here!—I will go and lodge a complaint at the Porte, and bring the bostandjis down to examine the matter!”

The Turk might have felt offence, but he did not shew it; he counted two or three more beads of his colombojo, and then clapped his hands. An attendant hastened at the summons.

“Sinan, go and bid the Greek primate into my presence; he is the proper man to know about this business, and if he does not, why his heels and his purse shall pay for it,” said the Aghà, who had been directed into this very just course, by the drogoman’s mentioning profit and fine.

The servant went his way, and presently returned with the primate of the village, who, having left his slippers at the door, advanced and stood before the Aghà, with his arms crossed on his breast.

The Turk raised his heavy large black eyes to the Greek, and coldly enquired, “pray who is that shaitan-culy⁽¹⁶⁾ that is disturbing

the tranquillity of the village here, and causing me such a deal of trouble? And what do you think will become of your mother's son for harbouring a set of——”

“ Pardon me for interrupting, and let me drop a word into your mighty ear,” said the Greek, who without waiting for a reply, but in a cringing manner, went close up to the Aghà on the divan.

The drogoman saw that, besides dropping something into the Aghà's ear, he dropt something into his hand—which was most efficacious we will not determine, but the Turk smiled graciously, and muttering “ Aiyala !” pointed to the drogoman.

The Greek primate understood his cue, and stepping across the kiosk, and putting his mouth to the ear of him of the shirt-collar and blue coat, whispered “ peace be with you

and yours, Chelibi"—the stranger is Prince Constantine Ghika, you know his story—what are the Armenians to you?"

"The Prince!" said the little drogoman, "is it though!—aye, to be sure it must be he, and what fools we have all been not to guess that before—I will not spoil his pastime, I like a little fun myself!"

He then told the Aghà that he was perfectly satisfied. The Turk murmured "Allah-kherim!" an attendant brought in two tiny cups of coffee, (the Greek not being included in the hospitality) and they being finished, the drogoman rose from the dirty sofa, pulled his coat-tail one way and his shirt-collar another, made his salam, and finished the important audience.

He might have wished as he went homeward that he had not treated the Turk with an

exposure of the little confidence Franks had in their wives and daughters, and when he reported his discovery to his European friends, he assured them that he had thought all along, it could only be the enterprising Ghika.

All these people were far too goodnatured to interfere with an intrigue that did not concern their own families, however averse to it themselves, they could enjoy the teasing of the Armenians, and agreed to keep the Prince's secret—though the little drogoman, jealous perhaps of Constantine's blue coat and brass buttons, affirmed, that the Greek had done wrong to compromise the dignity of the Frank costume.

The secret of the Prince's disguise had however transpired quite enough in the conversation of the preceding evening.

On hearing of the mysterious apparition of a

person in the Frank dress, unknown to all the Franks, Veronica's sagacious kinsmen had determined it could be no other than their old persecutor ; and the adventure in the wood that very evening confirmed them in their belief. They made a report in conformity, after which it was decided in a family council, that measures more rigorous than ever should be resorted to.

Constantine meanwhile had returned to Pera, fearing indeed that some interruption of communication might follow their late imprudence or misfortune, but still hoping that his well planned disguises would remain undiscovered, and give him further opportunities of seeing or corresponding with Veronica.

CHAPTER IV.

THE very first visit the Prince paid to his cottage of love in the forest, undeceived him, and convinced him that matters were worse than he could have imagined.

All access and egress in the Armenian house were managed in the cautious watchful mode resorted to by a timid garrison beset by enterprising and artful foes. The Greek shepherd boy, the purveyor of lactean luxuries, was driven from the door, where indeed not a human being—no not so much as a dog, except what belonged to the house, was permitted to enter.

The domestics of the establishment, fortified

in virtuous resolutions by the worldly threats of their masters, and the spiritual admonitions of the priests, were never permitted to go out into the village, save on the most pressing occasions, and when they did, lest loss of place in this world, and the gaining of bad ones in the next, should be unable to resist the temptation and well-known liberality of that arch enemy, Constantine, the eyes of some individual of the family followed them, and watched their proceedings.

As to Veronica, she was almost kept a close prisoner in her chamber, or when permitted, for the sake of her health, to walk in a little garden at the back of the house, she was accompanied by nearly the whole family, priests and all, whilst a couple of servants stood centinel on the outside of the walks to give notice of any hostile approach.

All this was sad news, but the Prince was too far gone in love to think of receding. Indeed, it was part of his character that the irritation produced by each fresh obstacle, should resolve itself into fresh energies, and the determination to persevere, and to overcome them. His visits to Belgrade could not now offer the hope of being either very useful or very pleasureable; but an attractive spell, stronger than the loadstone rock that drew the iron bindings from the ship in the Arabian Nights, drew him and bound him to the sylvan village; and the greater part of his time continued to be spent there, or to and fro, on the solitary road between it and Constantinople.

His Frank disguise was relinquished, as being no longer of any use, and as his presence there could no longer be a secret, he walked or

rode about the forest in his own eastern costume. His passion had before, and for long periods, nourished itself on trifles, but now weeks past and nothing adventitious came to its aid.

Such constancy deserved a carrying pigeon from Cnidus, and the vehicle that at last conveyed a brief token of enduring love, was scarcely less poetical and consonant.

One morning as with impatient spirit he past at early dawn before the seraff's house, a luxuriant rose fell at his feet; ⁽¹⁾ he picked up the flower and raised his head to see whence it came—he saw a small white hand waving in a trelliced window of the upper apartment—it immediately disappeared; but on bringing the rose to his lips, he found a minute scrap of paper within the folds of its rich and fragrant leaves.

The note contained but a few words—a hint at the persecution she was enduring; her resolution, and her assurance of increasing affection.

We have mentioned how Constantine's adventures, which had given him, in the eyes of the Armenians, the character of a devil, had gained him, in the minds of some of the Europeans at Pera, the reputation of being a smart, clever, gallant fellow, whose society was worth courting.

Several of these gentlemen now frequented Belgrade, and as soon as the Prince discovered himself, they were happy to invite him to their houses, or to have him to make one of their frequent festive parties. Sometimes, though not often, he would join these gay Franks, and having all the dread of a Greek for ridicule and bantering, and a Greek's love of display

and elasticity of temper, he would assume a gaiety whose falseness and hollowness his solitary moments but too well proved.

Besides these Franks, there were some Greeks in the village—the family of the Prince S—, with whom also he occasionally associated.

Returning one evening with these friends from a walk round the bendt, or beautiful artificial lake, so often mentioned, he chanced, unluckily for the feelings of one within, to pass by the Armenian's house whilst in one of the brightest moods of his assumed gaiety; and more unlucky still, he was walking at the time by the side of a handsome young person, the heroine of a former love adventure, and of the tale he had the pleasure of overhearing at Kandilly, as turned to his discredit by Veronica's gossiping aunts.

Perhaps, too, at the moment, there was matter more offensive to the jealous eye of love, than his ill-timed cheerfulness, in the manners and demeanour of Constantine, who might have felt at the moment something of the curious, mixed feeling, difficult to describe, but which many may have experienced, when brought in contact with a former favourite, the idol of the imagination or the heart, though she be such no longer, and her place is occupied by another.

Whatever might have been the nature of what she saw, the short glance she caught from behind her grated window, was fatal to the peace, and almost to the life of Veronica.

Confined, cooped up, watched, and persecuted from morning till night by her family and her family's advisers, with the fire of a youthful passion, eastern and intense, preying

upon her heart, her health had again suffered, and it was not surprising that with this super-addition—with the pangs of jealousy—she should retire from the ill omened window, with distraction in her mind and fever in her veins.

That night she grew worse; her mind, which had several times verged to distraction, from the incessant annoyances alluded to, now completely failed her, as the fever increased in violence.

The next morning the parents saw their child in a state of phrensy, which the violence of the fever threatened soon to still in the repose of death!

Veronica, the fairest of her race, was the favourite child—her present condition might reproach them, yet such was the bigotry of the Armenians, that they would probably have

seen her descend to the grave in her youth, her beauty, and her gracefulness, rather than unite her with the schismatic Greek.

The danger attending such an unusual connexion as that of the family of an Armenian Seraff with a Greek Hospodar—the fear of the Turks—all mundane considerations might have given way, but the spiritual held strong. In their fanatical creed a union with a heretic would endanger her soul's safety, and it were better to weep over the sod that covered her, than to permit her to enter on the path that led to eternal perdition. They did not neglect however, the means of preserving her "mortal coil," and one of the family was dispatched in all haste to summon a European physician from Pera.

The derangement of Veronica's mind—her ravings but too plainly disclosed the origin of

her perilous malady : she called on the name of Constantine, at times most tenderly, and at times reproachingly : in her more violent accesses, she drew her burning hands over her throbbing eyes and brow, and supplicated, if pity remained in the world, that they would drive away the intruder that glared upon her and burned up her brain—that they would chase the form of that beautiful Greek girl, her rival—away there ! from the foot of her bed, where she stood mocking her with her triumph !

At intervals her disorder rose to the wildest pitch of madness, and it was fearful to behold that youthful maniac, that delicate frail form, writhing, bounding with a giant's strength.

Her shrieks were heard in the village ; and at a later hour in the day, when Constantine returned from Pera, whither he had gone in

the morning, he was apprised of the dreadful crisis which, though unwittingly, he had provoked.

At the intelligence he became almost as distraught as she ; nor could the representations of his friends, who really felt for his condition, and dreaded what might be the effects of his despair, prevent him from going to the Armenian house, where he vowed he would see Veronica if the sight cost him the lives of half her race.

He flew to the door—without summoning, he burst it open from its weak latch, with his shoulder, and entered the hall. The attendants who were there ran away affrighted and screaming. He rushed up the stairs.

In the corridor, and before the door of the sick chamber, the father, the uncle, the brothers, and cousins, and a host of females,

though trembling and speechless, had posted themselves, and seemed to form an impenetrable wall to his farther progress.

“ Make way,” cried he, in a voice of thunder, “ make way, and do not tempt a desperate man ; I will see Veronica whom I love—whom you are killing !”

“ Rash youth,” said old Agop, “ retire, or dread the consequences of this violence—we are not to be treated thus with impunity ; I will lay my complaint before the Porte !”

“ I defy its anger ! I would risk the wrath of a host of demons ; but I will see my Veronica !” cried the Prince.

“ Young man, again I say retire ! have you not brought mischief enough on us already ? The daughter of our house is in a dying state, and you are the cause ! What further have you to do with her or us ?” said old Agop.

At this moment a piercing cry—a thrilling exclamation—his name—reached the ear of Constantine from the sick room—it roused him to utter madness, and, drawing a brace of pistols from his breast, he swore to shoot the first who should attempt to stop his way. His voice and gesture were sufficient to terrify the timid Armenians, and, at the sight of the fire-arms, they all took to flight.

He rushed into Veronica's chamber, where his entrance sent Padre Tiraborsa, who, never valiant, had preferred remaining by the patient, to seek for concealment under the bed, whilst two sturdy Armenian maid-servants abandoned their charge in alarm, and took refuge in the gazebo, or projecting window.

But what a sight presented itself to the eyes of the lover! She whom he had seen so lately in the possession of health, and in the

touching placidity and softness peculiar to her sex and time of life, was now consumed by fever of mind and body—furious and maniac as the worst inmate he had ever beheld at the Timar-hané,⁽²⁾ or madhouses of Stamboul. Her delicate, graceful frame was stiffened and distorted; her eyes were haggard and blood-shot, and her over-fraught veins shewed like hard blue cords through her thin and transparent skin, that glowed as liquid fire.

Constantine was cut to the soul, but it was still worse with him when, on approaching her, and addressing her in the terms of tenderness and love, he saw that she did not know him. And of all the agonizing incidents of madness, the worst is certainly this! the most penetrating and awful! To see the maniacs repulse the objects of their heart's warmest affections, and to shrink from the approach

of a father, a mother, a fond husband, or wife—their very offspring, and their bosom friend, as from a deadly foe, or persecuting fiend !

Veronica threw herself from the couch on the ground, and burying her face in her hands, exclaimed wildly, “ Why are you here again ? Why do you haunt me thus ? Is it not enough that you have deprived me of my Constantine ? Must you still come to triumph over me ? Oh, is there no mercy in this wide world to chase this beautiful Greek from my presence ? ”

“ Veronica, my life ! my soul ! It is I ! your Constantine, your adorer—your tried and faithful lover ! ” and he stooped to raise her from the floor.

When she felt herself in his embrace, her frenzy increased ; she uttered the most piercing shrieks, and his whole strength was required

to prevent her bursting from his arms and rushing out into the corridor.

Fortunately, at this moment the European physician arrived; he knew the Prince, and the condition he found him in was such as to awaken as much sympathy for him as for the Armenian maiden. He reasoned mildly and humanely with him, and begged him to depart from a spot where his presence could be productive only of evil.

Constantine resigned the suffering girl to the doctor, and to some servants and relations, who now had found courage to enter the room—but he would not go away. He stood by the side of the bed while the physician attended to Veronica, and questioned her terrified family; and it was not until that friendly man had consoled him with hopes, and used persuasions and gentle force, that he would

quit the room, in which he was considered as the cause of all that woe.

The violent passion of grief, though it shapes for the suffering bosom ten thousands of arrows, and acts in infinite variety, is monotonous in description. We will not attempt to tell what Constantine suffered, but hasten to the moment when those sufferings were alleviated, and he was again permitted to look forward through the dusky avenues of life, with love and hope.

A lady, a native of the country, but possessed of European education and ideas, chanced to be at Belgrade. She was connected with the Armenian family of the seraffs, and at times visited in their house. On the alarming illness of Veronica, *her* favourite, as she was of all who knew her, this lady was assiduous; and feeling as she did for the young

Greek, whom she also knew, and saw in a state bordering on distraction, she reported to him the improvements of his mistress's malady as they took place, and in a few days was happy to tell that the sufferer was out of danger, and restored to reason.

But her mediation was more valuable still on the other side : she had heard the jealous ravings of Veronica ; she had seen Constantine, and his despair ; she knew how unfounded were the maddening doubts, which if they had not *solely* produced the malady, had hastened it on, and given it violence ; and when her young friend was sufficiently recovered to comprehend the import of her words, she cheered her with assurances of constancy, and of a passion that knew no bounds.

She was aware of the obstacles that existed in the Armenian family, and knew they

would never permit that “true love to run smooth;” she might at times, have doubted of the propriety of acting as she did, but she could not see the sufferer suffer as she did, and withhold the words, that she felt would operate like medicinal balm.

Their effect was even more prompt than she could have imagined. From the moment she had told her sincere tale to her friend, who hung on her neck, and with tears and kisses called her, her deliverer, Veronica began rapidly to amend. The mind—her passionate heart—had generated the evil, and it now worked the cure.

Her attenuated form recovered strength, and her eyes their brightness—she was happy!—but frequently in the sweet but melancholy languor of convalescence, she almost wished to die—to die, with the consciousness of *his* love

strong upon her—to avoid pangs like those she had just suffered, and the trials and uncertainty of the future. And the season, the beauteous scenery around her, and all the objects we have attempted to describe, as cherishing love, might have contributed, in the susceptible frame of mind she was in, to rob death of its terrors, and to beautify the grave. The green sward, and the enamelling flowers—the warm, lifeful sun, and the balmy breeze, were a veil of loveliness to conceal the cold, the damp, and the darkness of the tomb. Horror could not exist there ! And would not the incessant choir of turtle-doves tune their sweet and mournful anthem over her, and the nightingale pour forth her essence in matchless melody, in the thicket, by her last quiet resting place ? Weak as she was, how slight and brief would be the struggle, in the passage from life to death !

She felt almost, as if by volition she could breathe forth her soul, on the golden evening air that invested the glorious forest with hues which seemed dipped in the founts of heaven. The ripple echoing from the lake, the murmur among the trees, was not more gentle than might be the sigh with which she could cease to be ! And in sooth such a death might be more desirable than length of days, with certain sorrow—disappointment—and, perhaps, with sin ! It is only in youth we feel this enamourment of death—as life progresses, we are entangled in its toils—we have fame, or some other bauble, to acquire or to preserve—we may have become responsible for the existence of others—the worldly hopes, though they have betrayed so often, still delude us ; and the confiding spirit, the reliance on heavenly mercy, has given way to doubt and alarm, in

proportion as we have departed from youth's purity. The susceptibility, moreover, to the beauty of external objects, is gone—that exquisite susceptibility which forms the charm of early life, and whose impressions and remembrances are the source of all the genius and the poetry that may result from the efforts of our after-years.⁽³⁾

But even in youth these feelings are fleeting, and the instincts of the body seldom fail to expel the dreams and aspirations of the soul.

CHAPTER V.

VERONICA grew daily better, and as the intimation of the Prince's constancy had renewed her relish for life, an occasional billet, which he found the means of conveying to her through a friendly hand, invigorated her spirits and health.

Some of Constantine's notes, written at this very interesting period, were afterwards seen by certain persons, who could unravel their double difficulties. The impression they made on the minds of the readers must have been

deep, for at the distance of a considerable time they have been seen affected to tears by their recollection.

We may regret that we do not possess some of these epistles, and the keys to them, as, though expressed in Turkish, which will scarcely be deemed the fittest vehicle for such feelings, and though scrawled in the stiff angular Armenian character, these eastern love-letters might surpass the cherished specimens we have of that style, and make Rousseau appear passionless and pedantic, and Mirabeau cold and without sentiment.

By means of this re-established communication, for the person who took, received, and Veronica's reply, though generally containing but a few hurried words, was regular to each letter, Constantine was duly informed of her progressive amendment, and of all that in-

terested him in the Armenian house. Some of the sketches, in these notes, of her own condition were interesting and sad enough, whilst they conveyed a striking picture of the machinery that bigotry could resort to.

As soon as Veronica grew better, the fears for her life gave place to apprehensions of the Prince, and her family had scarcely taken more care to save the one, than they now took to preserve her and themselves from the other. During the day she was scarcely ever free from persecution, and at night she was not left to herself; an old sister, and a starch female cousin who had both (as already mentioned,) renounced the vanities of this world—who, though living in the bosom of their family, had adopted the dress and the penitential severities of a rigid monastic order, and had fallen into the utmost depths of

fanaticism—slept one on each side of her, and were as assiduous in her ear, as the Franciscan monks who accompany the stupified culprit to the place of execution.⁽¹⁾

At the foot of her bed was a large wooden crucifix, whose writhed attitude, agonized expression, and blood-stained members, were exposed by the dim light of a lamp that burned continually beneath it. A figure of the Madonna, with seven real daggers with golden hilts stuck in her bosom, to represent the seven mortal pangs of the Virgin mother, stood in a glass-case on one side of the room, and a picture of the woes of purgatory, with another of San Lorenzo on the gridiron, with devils blowing the coals under him, faced it on the other side.

The mind of Veronica we have said was strong—her passion for her schismatic lover

was intense ; but still with her susceptibility of outward impressions, it will not seem extraordinary if when in her sleepless nights, she cast her eyes on the horrid objects around her, and the spiritual admonitions of the day recurred to her, she should shudder and at times be lost in vague, wild fears.

To free herself from her intolerable annoyances—perhaps with a hope of softening her obdurate relations—she feigned a degree of mental alienation ; but the continuance of the persecution and the impression made on her delicate nerves by objects from which there was no escape, at last, for certain periods, rendered the melancholy condition real, and her madness, like that of Hamlet, was in part assumed and in part sincere. Neither state, however, tended to the desired end ; the mind by which the Armenian family felt and rea-

soned—the catholic priest—was as determined as ever, and Padre Tiraborsa insisted on the efficacy of his art to expel the evil spirit from the bosom of the maiden.

That spirit was love; but the Armenians really expected to see him take his flight from the mouth of Veronica in the shape of a devil, with the accompaniment of sulphur and blue flames.

At a short distance from the seraff's house there stood a shady tree of the densest foliage. As Veronica gained strength she was sometimes permitted to walk well attended, and to repose under the shade of that tree, which, like those in the more eastern garden of Sultan Shahriar, ⁽²⁾ bore strange fruit—though of somewhat better quality than the Sultan's.

Constantine was often there, waiting long hours for the happy moment, hid in the thick

branches ; and from the turn the conversation almost invariably took, Veronica, aware of his concealment, could gladden his ears with delightful assurances, and spirited protestations against the obstinate cruelty of her family. There was much that was *piquant* in these sylvan dialogues, particularly when, as would often happen, Veronica, in reply to the representations of her friends, would vow that their efforts were all useless—that she would love the Prince, and none but him, until death—and that if he were there she would tell him so !

During all these irregular proceedings the seasons kept their course with their wonted regularity ; summer had come on, and the heats of June, so delightfully mitigated on the neighbouring banks of the Bosphorus, are felt less pleasantly at Belgrade.

The fear of fever and ague had already driven away most of the Europeans and other visitors. The illness and weakness of Veronica, with some other circumstances, had delayed the departure of the seraffs. There was a sort of poetical justice dealt out in this detention, for where they had caused two persons to suffer so incalculably, two of them caught the malaria fever, with its pleasant alternations of cold and hot.

It was on the lovely morning of a day which will henceforward be celebrated in the Ottoman annals, as the Armenian family were thinking to change at length their place of abode for a more healthy one, that a messenger arrived at their door, whose steaming horse told the speed at which he had ridden, while the anxious expression of his countenance betrayed the importance of his mission.

The courier was no other than our old friend Melkon, and, strange as it was, he was again employed by the Armenian family, whom he had so exceedingly irritated; but for this very simple reason—that the Seraff Yussuff, whose message he bore, could find no one else at such a moment, with courage enough to leave Pera, (whither the banker had gone the preceding day,) and to undertake the journey. Melkon had an abundant share of impudence at all times, and now the nature of the news he bore, made him face his former employers without one blush at the thoughts of his detection and expulsion as a bearer of clandestine billets-doux.

“Sair-ola!” (may it be well with you) cried he, presenting himself to the family, who were nursing his friend, young Agop, then making the wooden house shake with the cold fit

of his fever. "Sair-ola ! but, sirs and ladies, if you would not all have your throats cut, you must be up and moving—inshallah !"

"What does the man mean ?" cried Veronica's aunt, in great alarm.

"What new mischief—the Prince ?" said old Agop.

"The Janissaries," said Melkon, interrupting him.

"The Lord have mercy upon us ! what of the Janissaries ?" cried the family with one voice.

"Nothing—only there is such a jourbalik ⁽³⁾ among them as Stamboul has not seen since the last days of the Bairactar—that's all !" replied the suridji.

"Misericordia ! But what are they doing ? Yesterday Yussuf went to the Porte—they have not killed him ?" cried the banker's wife.

“Dead men write no letters, and here is one from Seraff Yussuf,” said Melkon, fumbling in the breast of his garment, and producing a short scroll.

“It is true, it is too true,” said Veronica’s male cousins, glancing their eyes over the short letter “the Janissaries have risen against the Sultan, and Constantinople is in flames. We are exposed and unprotected in this village—should they be beaten and driven out of the city, they will over-run the country, and destroy all they encounter. We are ordered by our father to return to Pera, which is tranquil, and is likely to continue so—without losing a moment’s time.”

Padre Tiraborsa had gone to Pera several days before, having no taste for the fever at Belgrade, but the native Armenian priest was there, and exclaimed, “May all the Saints

protect us ! or we shall meet the Turks on the road, and they will make kibaubs of every woman's son and daughter of us !”

“The blood that is to flow will not remain in the vein,”⁽⁴⁾ said the philosophic horse-jockey, “but we have a chance of getting to Pera before they have finished cutting one another's throats in Stamboul—the sleeve of Hadji-bekdash will surely not be driven in an hour out of its strong hold—when I left, the Janissaries were still carrying about their pilaff kettles,⁽⁵⁾ and gathering together from all quarters—surely they will make a stand for it. Bestir yourselves, and we shall be housed in Pera before either party win or lose.”

“The man speaks the words of reason,” said some of his interlocutors, and orders were immediately given to prepare for flight.

The greatest confusion ensued—the different members of the family, and the servants, male and female, ran wildly about to get things ready; even young Agop had forgotten his fever, and was stirring—and in short, the whole house appeared as if a fire had burst out in some part of it.

Dresses and shawls, pipes, and images of saints, gold coffee-cups, and rosaries, bags of sequins and bags of coffee, were all bundled up together in heaps strangely promiscuous; and in their hurry, the servants, who were tumbling over one another, left some of the most valuable objects in the house behind them, and carefully packed up others that were not worth a pinch of paras.

As the news of what was passing at Constantinople soon spread from the Armenian house through the village, and as several other

persons thought it prudent to repair to the Christian suburbs of the city, the means of conveyance that could be furnished, fell rather short; and except three good horses the bankers had in their own stable, they were not calculated for speed.

An arubà drawn by a pair of grim-looking black buffaloes, a charcoal burner's horse, blind and broken kneed, and half a dozen of donkeys, were all that could be procured.

Veronica, the females of the family, and the sick, crammed themselves into the jolting waggon. Old Agop, with a son and a nephew, mounted the horses—the women servants the asses—and the rest followed on foot.

As they departed from the village, they were joined by the others, who were starting on just as short a note of preparation. They crowded close together on their way, like a flock of

frightened sheep, and with just as little idea of defence in case of an attack; indeed, the only effect of their uniting was to magnify the danger, and increase the general fear, each person giving and receiving a portion of alarm—and all spreading through the company.

On emerging from the forest, they cast their eyes fearfully over the wide heath that lay between them and Stamboul. Every distant flock or herd appeared to them an enraged band of Janissaries, the dwarf trees waving in the breeze, seemed flying Turks, and the wild flowers that bloomed in the far off brake, with bright hues, yellow and purple, looked like Osmanli turbans. Nor was the conversation of Melkon, who rode forward with the gentlemen, at all calculated to give courage to the party.

When he left Pera nothing of what was

passing on the other side of the Golden Horn was known correctly, but the most horrid reports obtained ready belief.

The system which Sultan Mahmood had long been pursuing, his severity to the Janissaries, and the attempt he was making to establish the Nizam-djedid—an attempt that had cost his cousin, the Sultan Selim, his life—must, it was felt, produce a general insurrection of the established corps—and such indeed had long been expected. The strength of the Sultan's party was also understood; and, come when it would, the contest must be a bloody one.

The news from the other side of the water, that had reached Melkon before he departed from the christian hill was, that the Janissaries had cut their Aghà, or chief, and their principal officers, whom they suspected of treachery, into a

thousand pieces ; he had seen with his own eyes the flames bursting from the Porte or the palace of government, and had been informed that they were in entire possession of the city with their principal body, many thousand strong, drawn up in the great square of the Etmeidan, in the rear of their reversed kettles.

On the other side, however, Melkon had heard the rattling of the artillery as it crossed the square of Tophana, to be embarked ; he had seen the harbour in possession of the gali-ondjis, and the dreaded Agha-Pasha descending the Bosphorus with a tremendous force.

What was more, too, he had seen the mass of Turkish people, and even many of those whom he had been wont to consider staunch friends, or even members of the Janissary association, rallying round those who were calling on the faithful to rise for the defence of the

Hounkear and the Khoran—for with the general conviction of its importance, and disregard of its spirit, each party invoked religion on its side.

The last circumstance of the popular disaffection to their cause, boded ill for the fate of the Janissaries, and should they be routed and driven from the city, of what excesses would not those desperate men be capable ! It were better to encounter a troop of unmuzzled lions,⁽⁶⁾ than for christians and rayahs to fall in with the defeated Janissaries.

With this conviction, which was reasonable enough, it may be imagined how the timid party from Belgrade journeyed on, and with what feelings when about half-way on the road, they saw three turbaned horsemen plunge down the hollow along which they were creeping, and make towards them at a furious gallop. The

three bold men and true, who were mounted on horses, struck their stirrups into their flanks and fairly ran off, leaving the arubà and the donkeys, and those they carried, as *spolia opima* to the pursuers, who could be no others than Janissaries on stolen horses—devils incarnate !

Our little friend the hunchback had more courage and better sight ; he stayed by the arubà, and presently recognised in one of the rapidly advancing horsemen—the Prince !

Constantine had been at Pera from the beginning of the movements, which were to end in a catastrophe of blood and horror but rarely paralleled even in the history of the faithful. He had stayed anxiously waiting the events of the day at the Christian suburbs, which though only separated by the Golden Horn—a breadth of half a mile—from the

scene of the deadly combat—was perfectly quiet, nor, save the smoke and flames that rose from the conflagration in Constantinople, and the roar of the two guns fired by Karadjehennem, or Black Hell, who decided the business by this duet of grape-shot, was any thing seen or heard to intimate that infuriated thousands had met to deal death on each other, and to change the fate of an empire.⁽⁷⁾

After that firing, indeed, a shout or roar of voices was heard, but that soon waxed fainter, and died away in distance. The bayonet, the yataghan, the scimitar, are silent weapons, and they mainly did the rest of the day's butchery.

When Constantine ascertained the turn affairs had taken, and that many of the Janissaries were flying from the walls of the city and the upper end of the port into the open country, he

could not but think of the defenceless village of Belgrade—of Veronica : and though as a Greek, and a wealthy one, he must be peculiarly obnoxious to the maddened Turks, he despised the considerations of his own safety, and determined to repair to the forest.

It was not without difficulty that he made his two cavazes⁽⁸⁾ accompany him, for those sturdy Osmanlis, who had joined neither of the parties of the day, but had stayed within doors all the while patiently smoking their chibooks and ejaculating from time to time, “ baccalum ! ” “ baccalum ! ” were not desirous of encountering the partisans of either faction.

The Prince came up to the Armenian party with a graceful salam, and so glad were they that he was not a Janissary, that though the very last person on other occasions they could have desired to see, they now almost bade him wel-

come. On his recognition by Melkon, the suridji had set up a shout after the fugitive seraffs, but it only made them gallop the faster, nor did they turn their heads until they had gained the ridge of a hill at a considerable distance—when they drew rein and looked back to see whether their friends were all murdered, and their pipes all stolen by the Janisseries.

Agreeably surprised to see their party jogging peaceably along with the three cavaliers riding at their head as if escorting them, the lion-eaters took courage to await their approach, to see of whom this adventitious reinforcement was composed.

“By Jacob the patriarch!” exclaimed old Agop, “’tis that hot-headed youth of the Hospodar—“what shall we say to him?”

“We had better be civil to him,” said his

son, "for he has his two cavazes with him, and they may be of some protection to us until we get to Pera, and then you know we can bid him good day."

"Civil demeanor is a virtue in man," quoth the old banker, still shaking in his saddle from his recent fright, "we will be courteous, my child, to the heretic."

The Prince rode up: the seraffs raised their hands to their foreheads, and deposited them on their breasts, giving the salutation of peace and goodwill; the Prince responded. A silence rather embarrassing then ensued. It was broken by the bankers asking about the jorbalik.

Constantine's information was of a nature to aggravate their apprehensions, and having given it concisely and respectfully he rode on in dead silence with the Armenians, only solacing himself with an occasional glance backwards,

at the tottering and creaking arubà that bore his heart's treasure.

So slow was their progress that the sun was sinking in the west before they came in sight of Constantinople, and lovely was the evening and enchanting the scene disclosed by his declining rays.

From a ridge of the heath, the travellers' eyes could discover the whole length of the city, with the domes of its innumerable mosques and their towering, slender, and gold-tipped minarets ; beyond the city, on one side spread the magnificent basin of the Propontis, and far across its tranquil expanse the snowy summit of Mount Olympus glittered in light ; a portion of the suburbs of Hasim-Pasha, and Pera, with its towers and the upper part of the cypresses of its cemetery, were discovered ; and the Golden Horn that divides those suburbs

from Stamboul, was seen in all its extent, from its contracted head, where it receives the sleepy waters of the Barbyzes, to where its waves sweep majestically round the Seraglio Point. Numerous large vessels lay at the mouth of that deep port—the most beautiful and commodious perhaps, that the world can offer ; innumerable caïks and light piàdes glanced rapid as thoughts, across its waters, which, illuminated by the evening sun, shone like a broad path of burnished gold.

Over all this scene of magic and beauty, was spread a glorious, clear, blue sky, without a cloud. The very essences of peace, of universal harmony, seemed diffused on every hand. The vast capital, with its uncounted thousands, sent not a sound to reach the distant ear, but the joyful wild bees murmured in the thymy heath, the linnet and the thrush carolled in

the furze and the bush, and occasionally a gentle breeze from the Euxine passed sighingly by—a tone of music to one sense—an impregnation of odour, from cypress groves, and myrtles, and flowers, to another.

There was nothing to tell of the crimes and violence of man, and it seemed a satire, and an insult, to suppose that he could interrupt the harmonies of nature, and abuse the fair gifts of a bountiful Providence! Could it be! in such a scene, with such a peaceful sky above them, that hot blood had welled from human veins, and, uniting in copiousness, was flowing like a river of hell into the waves of that placid frith, “making the green *one* red!”

Our party, however, as they approached nearer to the city, were made sensible of some of the horrors of the day. They saw at a distance a number of Turks running over the

heights of Daurt-Pasha and Ramed-Chiflik, and all their fears were renewed when shortly after a broken and scattered heap of fugitive Janissaries were observed advancing on their road.

There was no possibility of getting out of the path with the lumbering arubà, and the rencounter might appal the courageous. But alas for them ! the Janissaries had suffered so much themselves—ruin and despair so complete had fallen upon them, that even their energies for evil were paralyzed ; their former excesses were repressed by the impotency of despair ; they could not detach themselves from their own fate, and that death they had seen fall upon so many of their body, was before their eyes whichever way they turned.

As these lost men advanced, they presented a fearful spectacle to the eyes of the travellers.

Most of them wounded and hacked with the deep cutting Turkish blade,⁽⁹⁾ marked their path with large drops of blood; their faces were horribly begrimed with powder and smoke, mixed with perspiration and blood; their barbaric but picturesque attire was torn and rent; they had nearly all lost their caouks and besleeved bonnets, and, to a stranger's eye, their shaved heads, with only one lock of hair, which Mosleminn leave on the crown as a handle by which to be pulled up into Paradise,⁽¹⁰⁾ might have suggested the idea of their being a troop escaped after a dreadful affray from a mad-house.

Some of these fellows, with the wildest agony of fear depicted on their countenance, ran furiously on though no one pursued, and no distance, and no place could promise them an asylum against starvation, or the relentless

wrath of their Padishah. Some more seriously hurt, came on at a slower pace, turning round at every other step to see whether the blood-red hands of their victors were not behind them.

Though a crowd, though members of a vast and insolent association—though comrades, friends, ensnared in the same toils, and most assuredly running on to the same inevitable doom, there was not a sentence of advice or council ; no—scarcely so much as a word heard to drop from their pale lips. They were in the most abject state to which man can be reduced with all the baseness of his nature developed—utterly stupified by fear ! And were these the beings of audacious bearing and scornful front, that so long and so lately had held Constantinople in awe !

They rushed by the Prince and the trembling

Armenians without so much as noticing them by word or look.

As the party from Belgrade went on, they met many others of the defeated Janissaries, and among these there were some of the bolder spirits who might have been the last to fly, and whose numerous gushing wounds shewed how obstinately they had fought whilst they stayed. In several instances the unbandaged wounds offered to the disgusted sight the spectacle which horses in the bull-fight arenas of Spain have been seen to do—and this in our fellow creatures ! * * *

Some of these wretches, unable to move further, dropped down by the road-side, to await in agonies the slow approaches of death; others, who still dragged on, though slowly, would frequently turn round with the madness of hate flashing from their large black eyes, and shake

their clenched and blood-stained hands against Stamboul, whence in the evening air, fresh towering flames and dense volumes of smoke were now seen rising—the fire set by the victorious party to the immense barracks of the Janissaries.

These gestures were at times accompanied by horrid curses, but more generally by a silence more deeply striking than any modification of words and accents.

The degraded, stupified cowards that had passed, excited little of his sympathy, but Constantine's attention was riveted by these hardier souls; nor could he prevent himself from stopping on the road as he saw a Janissary of gigantic stature, who was slowly toiling along, drop down, and after a deep groan desire some friends who had hitherto supported him, to leave him to his fate—for he could die there.

This man wore the dress of an officer, he was one of the very few superiors of the Janissaries that had not been detached from the body, and gained over to the Sultan and the system of the Nizam-djedid, by the treachery and bribery which had been actively at work among them for many years, and had indeed prepared that day's catastrophe.

As Constantine reined up his horse, he recognized in the disfigured, fallen form of the gigantic Janissary, a certain Noured-Aghà, whom he had known in former times, and whose herculean proportions, beautiful, manly face, and thick black beard, had frequently excited the stripling's involuntary admiration, and envy. But there he lay in the dust; his voice of thunder softened to a moan, and his almost super-human strength, with scarce remains enough to raise his bare and muscular arm to

motion to his friends that they should leave him.

Some of those desperate fellows, casting a farewell glance at their chief, went on their way—but a certain affection—or respect, or awe, which the gigantic man imposed to the last on their barbarous minds, retained a few round the person of their chief, and after a long shuddering, as he seemed somewhat to revive, they proposed that he should rise from the ground, and they would carry him on, in their arms.

“It is of no avail, my friends,” said Noured, opening his eyes, which were glazed and ghastly, “my hour is come—I hear the angel of death rustling his black wings over my burning head!”

“Man knows not his destiny until it is accomplished, and while breath remains, there

is hope that Azrael has not received his warrant. Noured-Aghà was in as bad a state as this when he was dragged from the hoofs of the Muscove cavalry, in the plain before Shumla, and yet Noured has lived twelve years since then."

The dying man raised his head, and, after a tremendous effort, and a horrible rattling in his throat, he replied with a hoarse voice to his friends.

"Hark ye ! Twelve years ago my arm was broken by a Muscove bullet—the grape-shot that fell thick as hail, wounded me in trunk and limb—a ghiaour's bayonet threw me to the earth, and a troop of horse charged over me as I lay ! But twelve years ago I was the father of two bold boys—I had friends, I had hopes—but now !—Have I not seen this

morning my sons in manhood's pride—my brother—the friends that gathered under my roof, fall one by one by my side ! * * * * *

“Have we not seen ourselves deserted and betrayed, and does not triumphant treachery and revenge proclaim that our order—the glorious and the ancient—the order of Hadji-Bekdash, is for ever annihilated, and a price set upon each of our heads ?”

Noured's voice, that had risen as he spoke, here failed him—his heavy eyelids dropped over his glazed eyeballs, and a convulsive movement through all his robust frame seemed to indicate that the last dread struggle was passing : but, to the surprise of all, he presently sprang to his feet, his eyes again glared with passions indescribable and awful—he outstretched both his arms towards Stamboul,

and exclaimed in tones that might recall the voice that had quelled some hearts in the enemies' ranks.

“Sultan Mahmood, traitor and caitiff, take my dying curse—my malediction for me and mine! The gaunt spectre—the embodied crimes of man, the accumulation of all the guilt he has committed, which offers itself to his sight as he is summoned by the dread trumpet of the angel Issrafil, ⁽¹¹⁾ from the quiet grave, at the last day of judgment, will to thy eyes assume a form and a magnitude too terrific and vast for thee to behold! The space between earth and sky will be too narrow to contain the embodiment of thy persecutions, thy infernal treachery, and thy murders—the spectre of thy guilt will wave one of its hands over the Nile and the Arabian deserts, and the other will reach to the de-

solated lands beyond the Danube! As thou sinkest to the burning pit of Ajehennem, its thousand tongued voice shall proclaim thy iniquities, and shout at thy eternal perdition! For this day's work again I curse, and curse thee!"

With these words—with this horrid imprecation on his lips, the gigantic Janissary fell to the earth like a column from its base, and expired.

The horror depicted on the countenances of his wild looking followers, was immeasurably increased. Before they went on their way and left his body to the wolves, to the dogs hungry as they, and to the birds of prey, they each cut off a small piece of his dress—and one, a nearer friend, perhaps, than the rest, detached a stripe of leather fastened round the upper part of his colossal arm by a buckle, contain-

ing the treasured passage from the Khoran—the amulet which was to preserve its wearer from evil eyes and evil fortunes.⁽¹²⁾ These sentimentalities, however, did not prevent them from securing his purse—his bright English watch in its shagreen case,⁽¹³⁾ his silver-sheathed yatagan, and richly-set pistols. These they divided among them, and ran off, little knowing how long they might preserve their treasures or their lives, or indeed whither they should go for a day's refuge.

The Prince, who had stood by during part of this horrible scene, now galloped on and joined the Armenians, who had proceeded under the escort of his two Turks. They met a few other fugitives, who passed them as quietly as the others had done; and at length reached Pera in safety, and rode through its long narrow street—a curious procession of

horses, asses, and arubà—to the door of the seraffs' residence.

During the latter part of the ride, scarcely a word had been exchanged between the Greek and the Armenians, but now, churlish as they were, they could not but thank him for his escort.

“For this day's service,” said old Agop, as he got out of his cumbrous saddle, “we remain your debtors, and now may peace be with you!”

The Prince slightly bowed his head, and turned to see the contents of the arubà as they discharged themselves after their perils and journeying; not much unlike the guests of Noah, when his ark, no longer careering on the stormy waves, rested by the mountain top, and permitted egress on terra-firma. Ere Veronica entered the house, she gently said—

"Constantine, again I thank you, and may heaven preserve you!"

The Prince laid his hand to his heart, and took the way to his dull lodgings, rejoicing in the safety of his mistress.

CHAPTER VI.

For days and weeks after the Armenians' return to Pera, the Janissaries, who made no stand after that fatal one in the Et-meidan, were seized by the unrelenting Sultan, dragged off to the castle on the Bosphorus, and there strangled or decapitated. The deep channel was a ready and capacious grave, and the rapid waves that flowed by the castle-walls and received their dead, were sure to bear them far away out of sight and scent of the Stamboulis, as we have explained in a preceding

part of this tale, in our description of the Roumili-hissar.

The executions were so numerous, that the hands of the scientific or professional men did not suffice, and a number of bunglers, devoid of the advantages of previous education and practice, were taken up and employed at the castles, to the no small annoyance of their patients; for it would not unfrequently happen, that a poor Janissary left as finished by one of these inexpert executioners, was not even half done, and would come to life in the dead cart, into which he was thrown with other bodies destined for the fishes, and so give the artist the trouble of doing his work over again—himself the anguish of again dying.⁽¹⁾

These sanguinary proceedings could not but strike with awe, and, for some time, the pleasant banks of the Bosphorus, principally their

scene, were abandoned by their summer residents. Orta-keui wept the absence of its Jews. Therapia was no longer enlivened by Frank dinners and breakfast parties; and the quay and valley of Buyukderé ceased to be haunted by the divinities of the place—the drogomans and the drogomanesses.

The paradise of Pera⁽²⁾ was full, but the unseasonable season was not one of gaiety; the Armenians of course kept closer and quieter than ever, and Constantine had to taste in its perfection the ennui inherent to the spot. The person, however, who had befriended him at Belgrade, served him at Pera, and an occasional interchange of letters kept up his spirits, and informed him of what happened to Veronica.

The denouement of the story, which is now hurrying in upon us, must be given with the same simplicity and succinctness with which it

happened. We have, perhaps, already detained the reader too long with lovers' hopes and fears, anxieties and sufferings—so much alike in all cases—so very interesting to those immediately concerned, and so very apt to set the rest of the world asleep. We therefore come at once to the pivot on which our catastrophe turns.

Veronica saw her family and friends inflexible; she could not expect that coming events should do any thing with them in favour of her passion. But that passion was stronger than ever; it absorbed her whole soul; life could not endure in the mode she had been living, and if it was long ere she came to the resolution, when once made, in a nature like hers, nothing could make her swerve from it—she determined at last to flee from her home—to abandon family and every thing—to be the

wife, the adoring, happy slave of the Greek Prince.

The letters of Constantine had long pressed this last and only practicable measure upon her, and when he received in a few short passion-breathing words the information that her mind was made up to it, his heart bounded with joy; and, regardless of the censure of parents and friends, of the difficulties and imagined degradation that must result from such a marriage, he only thought of the bliss that would be his, with the fair Armenian for his bride.

Once resolved on the decisive step, nothing remained but to arrange the means, and make preparations for their change of condition. Escape must be difficult from a house where the principal attention of every one was directed to the behaviour and movements of the suspected Veronica. To do any thing—to procure

any liberty, she must lull those suspicions, and this, though by means repugnant to her feelings, she did with consummate art.

Constantine being fully apprised of her plans, which, though disagreeable enough to him, were naturally not half so irksome and revolting as to her, Veronica suddenly feigned that she was thoroughly cured of her love for the Greek; that she was convinced at last of his worthlessness—of her soul's peril in having aught to do with a schismatic like him; that she was ready to love, marry, and obey a man they had lately proposed to her, one of their own caste—an orthodox Catholic Armenian and broker, and money-changer to boot. At this abjurement of errors, worldly and spiritual, the delight of the seraffs and of all their connexions, knew no bounds; but it was the meddling priest, Padre Tiraborsa, that assumed all the

merit of the long desired conversion. He had cast out the wicked one, though not in a form perceptible to the Armenians; the secret that he still “lived and ruled without controul” in her heart, was kept by Veronica, who moreover with a little malice, excuseable, considering what she had suffered from him, tacitly consented to his triumph, which her conduct would so soon destroy.

Old Agop and old Yussuf rivalled each other in their liberality to their niece and daughter; they made her presents of money and jewels— aunts, sisters, and cousins gave caresses and applause—the wandering lamb was restored to her fold, and Veronica was again the darling of the house.

The rather prudent than passionate *futur* was made acquainted through the proper channels, resorted to in this diplomacy, of a good

fortune he could scarcely have expected. He had never seen Verónica, he could not know his destined bride from any other Armenian woman that might shuffle by him in papooshes, feridji, and yashmack. But the advantages of the union with the great Tinghir-Oglus—the rich Tinghir-Oglus—must be evident to every body, and to one like him these advantages would be cheaply purchased, even if upon removal of the nuptial veil, the face and form of Verónica disclosed to his eyes each of the imperfections and deformities alluded to by the priest in the words of his bond.⁽³⁾

The mother and the female relations of this swain, according to the laudable system prescribed by the Armenians, and of which we have already given ample details, took all the wooing part of the business off his hands. They visited Verónica, they praised her beauty, and

her grace, and her skill in embroidering handkerchiefs, and in serving coffee and sweetmeats; they put the marriage presents into her hands, and their kisses on her cheeks were proxies for those of the spouse.

In all these trying scenes, though her heart shrunk with disgust, Veronica comported herself admirably; she never lost sight of the part she had to sustain—this was her only hope—her last stake—and she played it well.

The Prince meanwhile, though he had less difficulties to contend with, did what he had to do, in a fine spirit. He took a house at the village of Balta-liman, on the Bosphorus, and this he furnished for the reception of his bride, with as much taste and elegance as if she were a princess and brought a splendid dowry with her.

The contrast of the feelings of the two pre-

tenders to Veronica's hand, could hardly be greater than it was. The Armenian broker calmly awaited his destiny, and looked forward to the wedding day with no more impatience than he would to the falling due of a good bill, with a good indorsement; but the vivacious, the passionate Greek regarded the same event with an impatience that rendered him restless by day, and sleepless by night, and the nearer it approached, the more violent was his agitation.

At length on a lovely morning, in the month of August, Constantine received the following short note :—"This day week is fixed for my wedding with Bogos, but to-morrow is the day that I will be yours—my preparations are made. At the second hour after sunset, I will escape from this house : the descent to Top-

hana is soon made, and there your caïk must receive us. If I am detected—seized—I shall soon die ; but, oh ! Constantine, death is nothing compared to what would be my condition, should you ever abandon her, who abandons her all for you.”

In the course of the day, on which he received these decisive words, Constantine completed his arrangements. Nothing was left to do, but to secure a Greek priest to celebrate the marriage, and about this he set himself the following morning.

The important proceeding required great caution ; he was well aware that many members of his church would object to such an irregular marriage, and that all would dread the stir which was pretty sure to be made by the powerful Armenian family. After long

thinking and consultation with a friend, whom he had admitted into his confidence, he at last hit upon a man.

He chose a priest to marry him, from the same notions with which the love-stricken and despairing Romeo selected an apothecary to poison him.

The Greek remembered an indigent Papas, who resided in a neighbouring village: "sharp misery" had indeed, "worn him to the bone;" and if we substitute for the "culling of simples," his diurnal occupation of singing psalms with a nasal twang, instead of the furniture of the stuffed alligator, and phials and "miserable account of empty boxes," the smoked picture of a Panagia, a twinkling lamp, and the empty bellies of a wife and some half dozen of brats, the portrait and description of Shakespeare

may serve just as well for the priest as for the apothecary.

This poor member of a poor church being summoned by one of Constantine's servants, presently repaired to his house at Balta-Liman, much wondering what the son of the Wallachian Hospodar could want with him.

The impatient lover soon informed him of his story, and of what he had to do, and to expect for doing it. Like the case proposed to his compeer, the vender of drugs, it was an extreme and desperate one—he was to *marry* ! His poverty might also at once have consented against his will, but the strong temptation of money was checked by his dread of discovery and punishment.

“Three hundred piastres,” said the Papas, “would be a treasure to me and mine, but,

Prince, this is a dangerous business, and I dare not engage in it !”

“The pay is proportionate to the peril,” replied Constantine ; “because there is some risk, I increase your fees. The risk is not great, for I would give you more. Then, come, reverend sir, dispel your fears, and consent to make two people happy !—you will never have such another opportunity.”

“Alas, I am afraid ! I should be turned out of my village—I should lose my church,” said the priest.

“To judge from your beneesh and your pinched cheeks, that would be no great loss : besides, if you are, are there no more villages and no more churches in Roumili and Anadoli ? —I will see that you are provided for,” said Constantine.

“But the Patriarch would send me to the

Monastery of St. George at Prinkipo,⁽⁴⁾ where I should be shut up with the madmen."

"With money in the purse, one can live even at St. George's—they can't keep you there for ever, and I will provide for your family."

"But they will disgrace me, and cut off my beard!"⁽⁵⁾

"Three hundred piastres more for your beard, if they do! Or rather three hundred piastres shall at once be yours, for the chance you run of so great a calamity!"

"But my duty—my conscience forbids me to celebrate in so hurried a manner such a marriage."

"Three hundred piastres more for that!—your conscience can hardly be worth more than your beard!"

The Papas paused for awhile, muttering to

himself, “ three hundred, and three hundred, and three hundred—Panagia ! that would be nine hundred piastres, a treasure indeed ! ” but again the severity of his hierarchy, came to his mind and dulled his eye, that was glistening with anticipation ; and after a long and painful struggle with himself, he again protested he could not perform the rites, and bowed to depart.

“ That is not your way,” cried Constantine, catching at the breast of the poor Papas’ tattered beneesh—“ you must stay here. Indeed I cannot permit you to go forth and tell all you know ! By heaven, no ! here you are, and here you shall remain ; and if you will not officiate for nine hundred piastres, you may even act as a witness to my marriage for nothing ! ”

This was indeed resorting to the utmost force

of argument ; the trembling priest saw the Prince was determined—his presence at the wedding in any capacity, might be as severely punished as if he had really performed the ceremonies : there was besides the immeasurable distance between nothing and nine hundred piastres. In short, destiny had led him there, he must go through with the business, into which he had been entrapped ; and after a short debate, in which Constantine promised to make “ his odds all even ” and to give him a thousand piastres, he consented to remain and to do his duty.

This important negotiation terminated, the Prince repaired to Constantinople, leaving the priest in strict charge of one of his Turks, and two devoted Greek servants, with instructions that none of the consolations to be derived from good eating and drinking

should be withheld from their hungry prisoner.

We must now enter the house of the Armenian seraffs.

A party of congratulating friends had been invited on that same day, and it was on the bustle that would arise in the interior, and the occupation these guests would give her family, that Veronica had skilfully laid her account.

For many tedious hours she had to suffer the annoying queries and counsels, the felicitations, and in some cases the but half concealed envy of her female friends, who considered the *summum bonum* of life to consist in diamonds and jewels which they durst only wear within their own dingy abodes, and in costly silk stuffs which abroad they must cover and conceal with the humble feridji.

Full of her purpose, Veronica was never once

disconcerted—nay more, throughout the day she was gay and animated. The fears, the natural tenderness she had felt at the idea of quitting the paternal roof, had almost vanished now that she had made up her mind to that decisive step. Her ardent soul was intent on the accomplishment of her plans—a few hours would decide their success and her fate. She was convinced, as she had written, that their failure would be her death blow, and the hilarity of spirits she experienced, was like that some men feel on the eve of battle, or at the approach of a critical moment of their lives, which must assuredly brighten or destroy all their worldly hopes.

As the sun went down, fresh visitors arrived. Such a concourse, and such activity had hardly ever been seen in the banker's house ; and such a running up and down with chibooks and

coffee and sweetmeats, could hardly have been known, but for the marriage of Veronica, their fairest child. Time flew rapidly on, and it was remembered by some sagacious persons, afterwards, that Veronica frequently cast her eyes on a clock at the end of the saloon, which ticked the elegies of the departing moments.

The male elements of the assembly subsided to pipes and smoke, but the women were anxious to see the bride's beautiful wedding dresses.

Veronica left them, and after a toilette of unusual length and study, she returned in all the splendid appointments which she had determined should never grace an Armenian wedding. Her robes, her jewels, her personal appearance were complimented in a style eastern and hyperbolical, but it was unexaggerated truth, when they declared with one voice, that

she had never looked so well before. Amidst these plaudits of her female friends, who immediately resolved themselves into a close committee of taste, to discuss the bridal suit, point by point, Verónica again retired, with the alleged purpose of taking off what was to be worn only on "the day."

The moment was come—she went up to her room alone—she did not take off her rich and gay attire—for that would be her wedding night, or she would never wed! She drew a coarse and soiled feridji over it, and wrapping the folds of an equally common yashmack over her flushing face, she left her chamber and took her way out of the house.

In the corridor, in the court-yard, were a number of persons assembled, chiefly domestics of the visitors, and among these as she passed with a crouching gait, but deliberate step, she

was merely taken as a servant of somebody, like themselves. She passed the outer door of her father's dwelling, she entered the street, she reached the head of the steep lane which leads from Pera to Tophana—a solitary lane at that hour, where she could quicken her pace, and run without danger of attracting attention—and in five minutes she was in Constantine's arms, and in his light caïk which, propelled by three pair of oars, rapidly cleaved the waves of the Bosphorus.

At the rate she proceeded, she might almost have reached the house her lover had prepared for her, before she was missing in that which she had abandoned.

But she was missed at last.

After somewhat more than a quarter of an hour had elapsed from her leaving the company to change her dress, some began to say

that she tarried long : a natural excuse for the length of her stay was found in the anxiety she must of course feel to put by her costly garments, and her wedding jewels in proper order ; but when half an hour had past, and she appeared not, one of the family was despatched to summon the loiterer. The messenger speedily returned with pale lips and haggard eyes, and the astounding intelligence that Veronica was not to be found in her chamber—that nobody had seen her. If a thunderbolt had fallen among them, or, worse, had an executioner of the Porte appeared in the hall, the consternation could scarcely have been greater. Chibooks were abandoned, narghilès upset, whole trays of fragrant coffee relinquished untouched, and many a discussion on the rate of exchange and the price of silks, on the best mode of

setting diamonds, and the best channel to procure tobacco, cut short by the most violent syncope.

The name of Veronica was shouted by a hundred tongues, and a domiciliary research was begun by masters, mistresses, servants, and visitors. They searched every part of the house where it was likely, and many more where it was not at all likely she should be; in short they carried their investigation throughout, from the loft beneath the roof, where the bats flitted and the swallows built their nest, to the cellars where the wine-jars of the serraffs stood in stately rows, and the rats ranged in subterranean darkness and independence: but each nook and corner only proved, like the empty space on the beau's table⁽⁶⁾ to poor Goldsmith, (he expected a haunch of venison, and not a pretty girl,) that there she "was

not." The domestics were questioned in vain ; but at last an old Armenian porter who had been loitering by the door, came up, and said he had seen a female leave the house, who walked towards " the four corners,"⁽⁷⁾ and quickened her pace as she got at some distance.

The dread that had seized the Armenians at the first moments of her being missed, though they could scarcely conceive her capable of similar deception, and of such a desperate step, now burst upon them like conviction, and they exclaimed with looks and tones of horror that Veronica must have eloped with the Greek.

A rush of the more interested, and more courageous of the men of the party, was then made to the Prince's lodging at Pera, where they could hardly have expected to find him. The

Bosphorus and its villages then came to their minds, and they ran towards the embarking place at Tophana, with all speed. It was a dark night, and in Turkey the absence of the moon and stars is supplied neither by oil nor gas. As they went down the rough break-neck hill some tumbled, some lost their papooshes, and old Yussuf and one of his burly sons *found*—"a mare's nest."

Nearly at the end of the dark lane a recent fire—one of the many blessings of this happy land—had left an open space, and as they passed it they dimly saw some white object glide along as if to hide itself among the ruins of the houses. The banker and his hopeful scion started after it—Yussuf stumbled over a heap of rubbish, but the younger man, less fortunate, tracked the object of pursuit to a hole in the wall. It was no *ignis fatuus*, but a large

white bitch that had there bestowed an interesting family of pups, and now resented the intrusion on her domestic privacy by a snarl and a bite.

The party proceeded clamorously on, and when they reached the large square of Tophana it might have been supposed that the whole of the canine species, taking up the quarrel of the offended matron, had declared war against the Armenians.

Their hurry and noise aroused the countless horde of unowned curs that dwell unmolested in this part of the suburbs,⁽⁸⁾ and they gathered and ran at the intruders from every corner, barking and snapping at the morocco heels and floating beneeshes of the Armenians in a manner fearful to hear and to behold. As they approached, themselves bawling and shouting in concert with the harmony of the dogs, to

the Topji barracks, the Turks on guard were aroused from the peaceful slumbers in which they were indulging, and instead of answering the questions of the Armenians, whether people had been seen embarking at the wharf, they cursed them for disturbing their rest—called them ghiaours, pezavenks, and caratàs, and paid the usual compliments to their mothers.⁽⁹⁾

A wily old Osmanli, who gained his living by steadying the vacillating caïks as passengers embarked, and whose dormitory was under the shed of a coffee-house by the water side, approached and addressed the seraffs. He assured them that no caïk had left the *scale* since sunset; and as Turks do not lie for nothing, it may be supposed that a bribe from Constantine had induced this transgression against the Koran.

What was now to be done?—where could

they go by night and darkness?—They turned sorrowing back, towards the steep hill, convinced that they could do nothing for the present—a certainty indeed they might have felt, before they took the trouble of descending it.

Veronica had broken her leash; the promised bride of the orthodox broker could be nowhere but in the arms of the schismatic Prince; and there was weeping and wailing with an occasional gnashing of teeth in the Armenian house, all that livelong night.

CHAPTER VII.

THAT same night matters went on much more pleasantly at the kiosk that overlooked the Bosphorus, than in the halls of the Armenians, yet one of the party there—Veronica—when she reflected on her irretrievable step ; on that change of condition ; on the cast of that die, on which all the hopes of woman depend ; on the hazards that must accompany the transmutation of maid to wife, even in the ordinary course of things, and when consenting parents and friends are by, to protect, counsel, and

cherish ; when all these undefinable thoughts, and the sense of her peculiar circumstances flashed through her mind, Veronica, we say, must at times have sunk in grief and alarm. But her lover was there to kiss away her tears ; she saw him she adored, devoted to her, and treating her with as much respect, as if instead of a stolen and clandestine marriage, the union were sanctioned by his and her family.

On arriving at the house, Constantine's servants were found stationed with wax torches to receive their mistress ; and when he lightly leaped out of the boat and gave his hand to his trembling bride, her feet stepped upon costly carpets and shawls of cachemire which were spread from the water's edge to the door. Within she was welcomed by four of Constantine's friends ; and, in delicate consideration to her feelings, one of those friends was of her

own sex—a Greek lady, who had been won by the earnest entreaties of the Prince to attend his marriage.

No time was to be lost. The Armenians might attempt to recover their daughter, even though her reputation was at stake, and her honour now depended on her becoming his lawful wife—the influence of the rich seraffs was great among the Turks, and it was only by the tie of wedlock, which is held as holy and indissoluble by the Koran as the Gospel, that he could hope to keep their child. The marriage rites were therefore performed forthwith, by the starved priest, who, anxious to depart from a place of danger, with his money in his purse, was in as great a hurry as the Prince.

The promises that were to bind to death, the mutual vows to the solemn compact, were pro-

nounced, and Veronica his wife, with the hymeneal coronet of gay roses⁽¹⁾ on her head, but with blushes on her cheek, and tears in her eye, was pressed to the bosom of Constantine Ghika.

The next morning the sun rose gaily over those glorious scenes we have so often attempted to describe, but whose beauties, though we feel them to the heart's core, can be but feebly reflected by pen or pencil. Before the rays of that sun the thick dews had rolled away from the stream and the banks of the Bosphorus ; the white haze through which at this season and at early morn Constantinople ⁽²⁾ is often seen as behind a silvery veil, which to the eye increases the magnitude of the objects it covers, had been withdrawn, and the vast capital of the faithful stood out in a flood of light with all its parts brought forward, and its swelling

domes and minarets tipped with gold—a forest of slender towers—relieving against the clear blue sky and space, and pointing heavenward. The beauties of the sun and soil, the lulled ocean stream, and the gay and spotless atmosphere, might convey to the mind an idea of that individual happiness—that emanation from nature's lap, that may exist in countries like these, though tyranny do her worst.

To the eyes of Constantine the charms of that morning were immeasurably increased by the excited condition of his mind; and the glowing, life-inspiring sun, and the balmy breeze, seemed to promise him length of love and happiness—to intimate, notwithstanding his recent experience to the contrary, that sorrow could not exist on such a fair earth, amid such a suffusion of the essences of loveliness, peace, and joy. Even death, so surely the end

of all—at that moment, so strong was the visible spirit of vitality spread over every object—seemed something chimerical—impossible!

These transports of his happiness were soon woefully interrupted, for as the morning wore on, and he was imparting his sentiments and hopes to Veronica, one of his servants approached him with a face pale with fear, and whispered in his ear, that the barge of the Bostandji-Bashi was coming up the channel,⁽³⁾ and seemed to be making for their house. The Prince would not alarm his young bride, but went out of the room.

The domestic had seen but too well, and his apprehension as to where the visit of this dreaded agent of the Turkish police was intended, was but too well founded, for Constantine saw the boat at a few oars length from the

quay, and in another minute it had stopped opposite to his door.

He returned to his bride, who at once took alarm at his altered countenance, and before he could explain or encourage, the officer of the Porte and his train glided like evil genii into the apartment.

Veronica, half fainting, threw herself into the arms of her husband, and clasping him round the neck, protested that death alone should separate her from him.

The starch Bostandji-Bashi seemed no ways affected by this tender scene. If however he withheld his sympathy, he exercised no gratuitous cruelty. He informed the Prince, that Veronica was demanded by her family; that he was despatched by his superiors to bring her to the Porte, and that of course he must conduct her thither.

“But the lady is now my wife,” said Constantine, in reply, “and the laws of the Osmanlis guarantee my rights to her, and place me above her father and her family—surely they cannot take my wedded wife from me.”

The Bostandji-Bashi coolly said, “yok inshallah!—no, if God pleases, but *that* the Porte must decide, and there I must take her.”

He had however the good nature to add that he was sorry the affair had fallen within his jurisdiction—that Constantine had not gone to some other place than the Bosphorus—and to wish, for his part, that the Armenians, who it appeared, though not by what means, had discovered the place of his retreat early that morning, had been baffled in their search, and had left him to enjoy the society of his wife—at least a little longer.

Resistance would have been madness, and

Constantine had none to oppose, save his single arm ; he was beside confident in the force of his acknowledged right as a husband ; and cheering his weeping partner, he expressed to the Bostandji-Bashi his readiness to attend him.

“ But I was not told to bring you to the Porte—my orders extend only to the person of the young Armenian,” said the officer.

“ Constantine ! my husband—my defender—you will not leave me alone to face their wrath—you will not see me thus snatched from your side !” cried Veronica, clinging closer to his neck, “ all the world are as nothing to me, or are arrayed against me, with scourges in their hands, to torment, to drive me to madness ! you are my only prop, and by the vows—the vows enregistered in heaven—pronounced

here last night—you will not be divided from me thus !”

The Bostandji-Bashi might have been somewhat touched, though an impenetrable face—that general property of Turks, whether in office or out, whether Pachas or peasants—betrayed no emotion, for after reflecting a moment, he said—

“I am only anxious as a servant of the Sultan, to obey my instructions to the letter; you were not included in the seizure I was to make, but I have no orders to prevent you from following—I must take my prisoner with me, but your boat may follow mine : the hall of justice is open to all men,⁽⁴⁾ and you may enter it after us. But mean while we must be going—my commissions brook no delay.”

Constantine well knew this, and nothing re-

mained for him to do, but again to encourage the trembling Veronica with the confident hopes he still felt, that the Porte, when apprized of their marriage, would not infringe their laws, but would refuse to have any thing to do with the contending parties.

The heart of Veronica was less accessible to sanguine expectations, but at length summoning up all the firmness of her character, which as she had already shown, was really great, she threw on her cloak and veil, and leaning on the arm of her husband, this wife of a few hours, left the conjugal abode—left it, alas ! never again to enter therein. The Prince handed her to the Bostandji's boat, whispered a few more encouraging words, and then, though with a bitter pang, left her for his own caik.

The Bostandji-Bashi with his fair captive,

and the Greek close astern, swiftly descended the Bosphorus, and shot into the Golden Horn. He landed at the Vizir-Iskellesi, and proceeding through the streets of Stamboul, still closely followed by the Prince, soon reached a large but mean building, appropriated to the high offices of government, in lieu of the palace the Janissaries had so lately burned. On arriving at the door of the hall of assembly, the serraffs, and all the males of their tribe, with a host of Armenian friends, were seen within, lowering under their black calpacks.

Veronica's heart sunk within her, and with unsteady steps, and her head, which she kept closely wrapped in the folds of her mantle, bent towards the ground, she crossed the dreaded threshold. Almost at the same instant, Constantine glided in, but with a bearing different to hers—the sight of the men he hated had

roused his spirit —his head was erect in wrath and scorn, and thus he stood before the judgment seat to plead his own cause.

The conviction of its justice, and the efficacy of the appeal, must have been intense, or the first glance at the tribunal would have sealed his despair. The grand Vizir himself was there in all the dignity and terror of his office; a Moolah, or priest judge, who held a scrap of paper in his hand, and whose large black but deadened eye, seemed fixed in vacancy, save now and then that it cast an oblique glance of impatience and contempt on the infidels, sate as stiff and motionless as a sculptured figure, on the divan, the other honoured occupants of which were old dreaming Turks who had never felt, or had long been insensible to the gentle feelings of our nature, and the voice

of justice—when it pleaded against their prejudices or their interest. ⁽⁵⁾

Among these men Constantine saw several, who in the peculiar and uncertain friendship of Turks in office, were the friends of the seraffs, and more than one, who in his communications with the Porte for the business of the Hospodar his father, had shewn himself his personal enemy. Yet nothing daunted by all this, when the Vizir said in a tone as indifferent as if he had been merely awarding to the right party a sum of money, or a contested bale of goods, “the girl is here, let her be given up to those to whom she belongs,” the young Greek stepped forward, seized the cold hand of Veronica, and respectfully bowing to the lieutenant of the Sultan, said in a firm voice, “she is mine—my wedded wife, and as

such, I claim her on the strength of the laws of the Prophet, which forbid you to dissever a wife and her lawful husband !”

The Vizir turned his eye indolently towards the immoveable Mollah. The man of law understood the address, and pronounced, in a harsh and brazen voice, “ Let the runaway girl be restored to her father, and the cause dismissed—we want not this infidel to instruct us in our justice.”

“ But this cannot be !” said Constantine, vehemently, “ a daughter once married is no longer at the disposal of her father ! Again I say this lady is my wife, and the vows which made her so were pronounced in the name of Allah !”

“ The person by whose side I now stand,” said Veronica, who, though almost overpowered by despair, had strength and spirit to

make this last effort at struggling with her fate, "this person is my husband—for him I have left my father and my home, and with him I will abide!"

"The law hath spoken, let its will be done!" said the inflexible Vizir.

Old Agop stepped forward to seize his daughter, but with an agonizing scream Veronica clung to the Prince, who repelled the Seraff with such violence that he reeled backwards, and almost fell among the morocco boots of his house and friends.

Constantine again addressed the divan, and, in affecting and thrilling language; but, he might as well have expected the old, dingy walls, that echoed his words, to reply to them, as to make those men feel the voice of nature, affection, and justice. Not a muscle was relaxed from its austerity by this last appeal,

but the Mollah again spoke, “ let the childish scene—this indecorous contest cease—it is insulting to our presence. Let the Seraff have his daughter, or she shall be taken by force.”

Constantine would not relinquish the lovely bride now in his embrace, and he could not have done so had he wished, for she clung to him with the strength of love and despair, and shrieked in extremity of anguish. The sight might have pierced any less impenetrable stuff than the hearts of the Effendis. Both mantle and veil had fallen from the head of Veronica, and her exquisitely delicate face, pale and pure as marble, and her eyes flashing through the tears that rained from them, were visible—but these upright judges were as insensible to sight as to sound, and the Vizir made a slight sign, at which a number of Chiaushes in attendance crossed the hall, and,

grasping, some of them the Greek, and some the fair Armenian, literally tore them asunder by brute force.

Veronica fainted, and in this condition she was carried off by her tender relatives. Constantine was detained for a while at the Porte, and then permitted to depart—to drown himself, or to die of love if he chose. The Turkish dignitaries, in dismissing him, presently dismissed all care or thought about what appeared to them a very childish and ridiculous piece of business.

“Mashallah! but this young ghiaour is in a terrible taking!” said a grey bearded Effendi, as he walked homeward with a colleague and a certain number of the Seraff’s mahmoodiers chinking in his purse, “did you ever hear such a to-do, such *bosh-lacredi*,⁽⁶⁾ about a woman before?”

“Never!” said his companion; “to be sure the stripling had her only one night—had he been married a year we should not have seen him part with his wife with so much difficulty.”

“That is likely enough,” continued the first speaker, “but after all to struggle and afflict himself in such a manner for a *kuz*.”⁽⁷⁾

“And yet, brother Osman, when you lost your favourite Pembè you tore your beard in grief.”

“True!—it is true enough I did so, for I had bought her at a high price—she had cost me eight thousand piastres!”⁽⁸⁾

If Constantine, to whom we must now return, had even valued Veronica in proportion to the money she had cost him, she would still have held a higher price than the old Turk’s slave. Heart-rent and almost distracted when

he left the Porte, he knew not whither he directed his steps; and it was through the guidance and care of a friend he met in the streets, and who was alarmed at his wild, haggard looks, that he reached his melancholy abode in the Fanar.

He had not been there for months; and when, on entering the dusky and silent apartment, the incidents that had occupied that interval came rushing with dreadful concentration—the events of those months, and their passions and feelings making themselves sensible, and all together in one brief moment—when the forest of Belgrade, his marriage night, and the scene at the Porte flashed across his brain—when he felt that she whom he had loved so long, for whom he had done and suffered so much, had been his—and torn from him in the first rapturous moments of

his bliss ; his fevered head reeled, and, throwing himself on a sofa, he buried his face in his hands, and wished that in excluding the hateful light—that deceitful light which in the morning had so flattered his fond hopes—he could check the current of life that still ran from his bereft heart.

It was a long time ere he recovered sufficient possession of himself to heed or to understand the friend who had conducted him home, and would not leave him in such a state of despair. When at last he spoke, he could not—for his life he could not—relate the scene at the Porte, and the consoling Greek, who, like nearly every body at Constantinople, knew of Constantine's amour, was unacquainted with its last few and fatal hours, and it was only from his hurried and unconnected exclamations that he formed an idea of what had happened. His consolation

and advice could then take a more specific course, and he spoke of the folly and meanness of spirit there was in thus letting himself be humbled by the Armenians, and in giving up his long contest with them in cowardly despair.

The susceptible pride of Constantine was awakened, and such was its force and his spite against the seraffs, that hate, independent of love, might have sufficed to produce the resolution to resort to every measure, to the worst extremities, to snatch their daughter from their tenacious grasp.

The immediate suggestions of himself and his friend were numerous, but the first thing they had to do, was to discover whither Veronica had been carried, and about this they set off together forthwith.

They learned from a Greek boatman at the Vizir-Iskellesi that the seraffs' caïk had taken

the direction of the Bosphorus. Constantine concluded they must have gone either to their house at Emenergen-Oglu or to that at Kandilly, and with his friend he ascended the channel.

As they were passing the filthy Jewish village of Orta-keui, not far from the imperial palace of Beshik-tash, on the European bank, they met one of the large boats of the Bostandji-Bashi, and a plaintive voice from amidst the moustachoed myrmidons of that dreaded officer, addressed the Prince and begged him to think of him and his desolate wife and six children. This could be no other than an important personage in our drama—the half-starved priest who had performed the marriage ceremony, not without foresight of the misfortune that might befall him.

It was indeed he : he had been discovered or betrayed by some means, and seized by the

Turks at the application of the Armenians, and was on his way, not to the madhouse at Prin-kipo, but to a much worse place—to the Bagnio. ⁽⁹⁾

Absorbed as he was in his own wretchedness, Constantine could not be insensible to those despairing tones, and to the fate of a man who on his account was hastening to the horrors of that earthly hell. But falling in with the prevailing feelings of the moment, the circumstance only added to his furious hatred against the Armenians, and, grinding his teeth with rage as the Bostandji's boat shot from them, and the voice of the Papas died away in a melancholy moan, he swore vengeance against those who could resort to such barbarous extremities to punish one whose only offence was his having married *him* to their daughter.

At the village of Arnaüt-keui, where they

arrived towards sunset, the inquiries of Constantine and his friend were successful, for they learned from some villagers who had just returned from the opposite side of the channel, and had seen a number of the Armenian family enter their house, that Veronica was at Kandilly, the scene of the exploits in building—a lovely spot nearly opposite to Arnaüt-keui.

Constantine, undecided as to the first steps he should take, resolved meanwhile to stay where he was, in the neighbourhood of his wife. He sought and found a lodging in a poor half-fallen Greek house on the side of the hill, with nothing to recommend it but that his eye could thence repose on Kandilly and the dark house upon which he had before gazed for so many hours, and which *now* again contained his Veronica. His friend left him there, and when he reached Constantinople,

rather from his own impulse than from any instruction of Constantine, sent some of his attendants to join their master in the hermitage he had chosen.

From the moment that with a buoyant and dissipated heart the young Greek had first met the pale and beauteous Armenian, it had been his fate to know many sad and sleepless nights ; and whether on the banks of the Bosphorus, to the murmuring of its stream and winds, or in Pera, to the harsh sounds of the iron-shod staff of the Turkish watchmen, ⁽¹⁰⁾ who in their rounds strike the pavement of the streets (as our defunct Charlies used to call the hour), or in the forest of Belgrade to the notes of the amorous turtle-doves, the wakeful nightingale, or the mysterious moaning of the woods, they had been irksome hours to his enamoured and impatient heart. But those restless nights, were

the pangs of all of them condensed into one, could not be compared to the night he passed at Arnaüt-keui.

After walking up and down the desolate creaking room, till the sun with splendour and joyfulness rose from behind the Asiatic hills, he threw himself exhausted—faint—on his miserable pallet. Sleep or stupor fell upon him for a few hours, and when it left him he found himself unable to rise, he ached in every limb and joint, his sight was dim—he was burning with fever.

The violent agitation of his mind, which had produced the malady, increased, if it were susceptible of increase, when he felt that at this moment, which called for all his exertions, he could neither move hand nor foot. The fever was provoked, and in a few days it was doubtful whether the young Greek would not end his

life where his love had begun—by the side of that stream, its appropriate emblem.

The Pontic sea,
Whose headlong current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont ! (11)

SHAKESPEARE.

In this hopeless condition he was seen by several of his friends, who consoled him with the assurances that Veronica still remained at Kandilly, concealing an important fact, that she was suffering from a dangerous illness similar to his own.

Youth is a stout antagonist ; it wrestled with disease, and overcame it ; for at the crisis of the disorder, when he had looked, as he supposed, for the last time on the hills and trees, and the house at Kandilly, he closed his eyes, not in death, but in a heavy slumber, the precur-

sor of convalescent life. He grew better daily, and as soon as he could quit his couch, faint and feeble as he was in body, he commenced his efforts to regain his wife, whom he now for the first time learned had been suffering—though at present restored to health—like himself.

But those efforts, alas, were all fruitless ! The Armenians' influence at the Porte defeated them all. From his friends among the Turkish effendis—dubious friends purchased by bribery—after being flattered awhile by hopes, in exchange for his money, he received from one after the other, the mortifying protestation that they durst do nothing in his business, which was a hopeless one.

So deep was the interest that Constantine's long adventures and recent sufferings excited in the breast of a portion of his friends, that some young Franks formed a project of be-

setting the Armenian house at Kandilly, and carrying off Veronica by night ; but a dread of the Turks, and the uncertain issue of the adventure, dissipated the chivalrous project, and the Prince was left to help himself to his wife in his own way.

No way but one seemed now to remain to him, and this he determined to take. On the morning of each Friday, ⁽¹²⁾ the Sultan, whether he be at the seraglio or his summer kiosks on the channel, repairs to one of the imperial mosques at Stamboul, to show himself in splendour to his subjects, and—what is perhaps an object of minor consideration—to offer up his Namaz ⁽¹³⁾ to Allah and Mahomet. To show his clemency and attention to the interests of those over whom he rules, every subject, whether Osmanli or Rayah, may approach and present a petition, not into the

hands of Majesty indeed, but into those of one of the Sultan's suite.

The iron-hearted Mahmood started from the Palace of Beshik-tash the morning that Constantine, resolved on this last measure, of exposing the circumstances to his sovereign, was awaiting his approach at the mouth of the Golden Horn. As the *kachambas* ⁽¹⁴⁾ of the Sultan, gorgeous with gold and carving, and preceded and followed by a number of barges scarcely less splendid, drew near, Constantine held up his written petition in his right hand over his head. ⁽¹⁵⁾ He did not seem to attract the dreaming eye of Mahmood, but one of the attendant barges laid upon its oars, an officer of the imperial household made a sign to the Greek to approach, and to his ungentle care Constantine consigned the his-

tory of his love—his application for his wife—his last hope of regaining Veronica.

The aquatic procession, than which few things can be more picturesque and beautiful, shot up the Port towards the marble mosque that covers the bones of the Arab saint,⁽¹⁶⁾ and the Prince retired to await with anxiety, and the alternation of hope and fear, the answer to his application to the Sultan.

That very evening his own petition was presented to him, torn in half. That was his answer—and a fatal one it was, for, by old established usage, it is in this wordless, contumelious manner that the Sultan intimates to his subject, or his slave, that his prayer for grace is spurned.

The Prince had not much time allowed him to indulge in grief—at least not in Constan-

tinople. Two days after, a sentence of banishment from the capital was passed against him by the Porte, and he was ordered to depart forthwith for Bucharest, whence his father might send an agent or hostage, less apt than he to disturb the tranquillity of the Sultan's faithful Armenian subjects, by amorous adventure.

At almost the same hour that Constantine took his departure from one side of the Bosphorus, Veronica took hers from the other. To hide her shame, to recall her to the right path, her family had come to the resolution of burying her in a Catholic convent, far in the solitary interior of Asia Minor; and while the young and hapless husband, to still his bursting heart, was galloping towards Bucharest, the more youthful and yet more hapless wife,

under a strong escort, was creeping along in a tach-tarevan, or litter, towards Angora.⁽¹⁷⁾

Our tale is told.—To those, however, who may complain of a want of catastrophe, and to a melancholy story are satisfied only with the final one of death, we may add what was reported to us at Constantinople about a year after the separation of the lovers; that Constantine perished of the plague which broke out in the Wallachian principality shortly after its occupation by the Russians in ——. Several months before that, the whole body of the Catholic Armenians were, by a capricious and mysterious act of tyranny on the part of the Sultan, despoiled and banished.⁽¹⁸⁾ The seraffs, the great, the rich Tinghir-Oglus, hum-

bled to the dust, and beggared, took the desolate road on which they had sent the fairest daughter of their house and race but a few months before.

With spirits softened by calamity, at Angora they might embrace love's exile ; but in what state they found Veronica, we could never ascertain, nor do we know at this moment whether she bears the weight of a weary life in the convent of Angora, or whether a flat marble slab,⁽¹⁹⁾ in the shadow of the grove of the dead, covers all that remains of so much youth and beauty and passion.

CHAPTER VIII.

Quippe natio hæc antiquissima non solùm consiliis utilibus ac prudentibus eximia fuit et fœcunda, verùm etiam ob multas res præclarè gestas gloriâ et laude digna.

WHISTON. MOSES CHORENENSIS, lib. I. cap. 1.^{re}

IN the course of the preceding Tale, and the Notes attached to it, I have endeavoured to convey as much information as possible concerning a very singular people who have not hitherto attracted much public attention.

A slight sketch of their history, to follow the details of their manners and customs, seems required to complete "The Armenians;" and this I have attempted in the succeeding pages.

Of the names of kings in general, and of the succession of barbarous dynasties, I have taken little note ; and the reader may be grateful for my sparing him the unpronounceable combinations of consonants that abound in the royal nomenclature of the Haï, and will care little whether an event happened under the Arsacides or the Pagratides, the Ortokides or the Ayou-bites.

My principal guides are two Armenian historians—Moses of Khoren, and Michael Chamich of the society of *San Lazaro*, at Venice—and the learned orientalist, M. Saint-Martin, whose words I several times translate.

TWENTY-TWO centuries before the Christian era, Haï or Haïg, the son of Thaglath, quitted Babylon, his native place, and fixed himself and his in the mountains of Southern Armenia, to fly the tyranny of Belus, king of Assyria.

Belus followed Haï, but was defeated and killed near the lake of Van, according to the Armenians.

Haï left his states to his son Armenag.

Aram, the fifth lineal descendant and successor of Armenag, vastly extended his father's dominions, and thenceforth the country occupied by the Haïganian nation, was called Armenia, or the country of Armenag.

Aram, moreover, conquered the king of Media, and took possession of a portion of northern Assyria, and carrying his arms into Asia Minor, he founded the city of Majack, or Mazacka, since called Cesarea of Cappadocia, where he established an Armenian colony. According to the national historians, he was so redoubtable, that the Assyrian monarch made an alliance with him and accorded him the glory of being the first of kings, after himself.

Aram left his states to his son Ara, surnamed "the Beautiful." Semiramis fell in love, and would have married him, but, irritated by his coldness or contempt, her eastern love became burning hate. She made war against him—he died in battle, and his kingdom fell to Semiramis, who erected a splendid city by the lake of the Peznounians or of Van, the ruins of which are still to be traced near the existing city of Van.

Semiramis gave the kingdom, however, to Gartos, the son of the cold and handsome Ara; but the impetuous and conquering queen was as fatal to the son as to the father; for, on his attempting to recover the independence of his country, he also fell fighting against her.

From this time, until Baroir, the thirty-sixth descendant from Haï, the Armenian princes

were little more than governors or lord-lieutenants of the Assyrian kings. But this Baroir, joining himself with Arbaces, the governor of Media, and the Babylonian Belesis, and other chiefs, revolted against the voluptuous Sardanapalus and overthrew the Assyrian empire.

Baroir, like his companions in the enterprise, then assumed the title of an independent king, which he had the fortune to transmit with his dominions to his successors.

Tigranes or Dikran first, the eighth successor after Baroir, was, perhaps, the greatest sovereign Armenia ever saw, he extended the limits of his states, and made foreign nations tremble at the Armenian name. His own has been preserved in the immortal pages of Greek history; for, forming an alliance against Astyages, king of the Medes, with

Cyrus, the god of Xenophon's idolatry, Tigranes is frequently made mention of in the *Cyropedia*.

Vakahn, the son of Tigranes, was renowned for his strength and valour—he was the Hercules of the Armenians, and was sung by their bards. ⁽¹⁾ His successors continued to govern the Armenians under the *Suzerainté* of Persia, and with varying subjection and independence until Vahé, who, at the period of the Macedonian invasion, died fighting against one of the generals of Alexander. “With this prince finished the dynasty of the Hai, who, at times with the plenitude of royal power, at times as vassals of the kings of Assyria and Persia, had governed Armenia for the long period of eighteen hundred years.”

On the division of spoils after Alexander's premature death, Armenia fell to a Persian

named Mithrines; he was soon displaced by Phrataphernes, nor was Phrataphernes destined to keep it long, being killed in a battle with Eumenes, who had seized on Cappadocia. The sanguinary and unnatural contest between the Macedonians gave the Armenians an opportunity which was not lost; for a certain Ardoates raised the banner of independence, and, though he was afterwards obliged to affect submission to the Seleucides, he governed with absolute power until his death. After that death Armenia was grasped once more by the kings of Syria, who, however, could not retain it, for, when Antiochus the Great was beaten by the Romans, Artaxias, an Armenian, rendered himself independent sovereign of that country.

Artaxias had the glory of receiving and protecting for a while Rome's untiring enemy,

Annibal, when the Carthaginian was constrained to relinquish the hospitality of Antiochus. A remarkable fact, the first of two cases in which Armenia was the refuge of the greatest enemies Rome had ever known. The first time she escaped—the legions had not yet looked to the ends of the world as the limits of their interference or conquest, but the *second* time Armenia was annihilated!

But few of the descendants of Artaxias succeeded him, and a new dynasty, the Parthian Arsacides, having conquered Armenia, ascended its throne, and kept their seat until the year two hundred and twenty-nine of our era, when they were hurled from it by Artaxerxes, king of Persia.

Nor was their long reign inglorious. To this epoch the Armenian historians mainly refer the glories of their country. They tell us of one

of the Arsacides, thus addressing his successor —“ All that thy genius and thy courage can acquire is thine ! The brave know no other limits than the point of their sword, and they possess all it can reach.” And if we are to believe their self-flattering recitals, the children of Haï, carrying their arms as far as they now convey their peaceful bales of merchandize,⁽²⁾ subjected the turbulent nations of the Caucasus, overran the greater part of Asia Minor, and visited as conquerors the western shores of the Ægean—aye, Greece itself !

Even leaving fable for fact, we shall find that Tigranes II. the fourth of his dynasty, was a prince of importance, and that under his reign, “ Armenia seemed destined to occupy an important rank among the powers of Asia.” He had some talent, great courage, and ambition enough to covet the empire of all Asia. He

was successful in his wars, and the title of "King of Kings," ceded to him by the monarch of Persia, attested the extent of his success.

It was under these circumstances that Armenia again became the asylum of one for whose blood Rome thirsted ; this was the *second* and the fatal time.

The refugee was Mithridates, and in sustaining him, Tigranes drew upon himself the whole violence of the republic ; his talent and his courage were insufficient—he was conquered and degraded, and, renouncing his splendid acquisitions, and his pompous title of King of Kings, he was confined, as a vassal prince, to the restricted Armenia.

"From that moment, Armenia could never raise her head. The different successors of Tigranes, the sport of the Romans, or of their relatives, the Parthian princes, saw their em-

pire ravaged alternately by these two powers, and felt but too happy, when they could keep, under the protection of one of the two, a degraded throne. And in fact, by the position of these Armenian princes, between the Parthians and the Romans, by the nature of the interior government of their kingdom, and its physical constitution, it was almost impossible for them to acquire any respectable degree of power."

Lofty mountains and deep valleys, of which the country was mainly composed, offered places of strength to the vassals of the crown, who one by one threw off their dependence and loyalty, and erected themselves into sovereigns on their own account.

In the fourth century of the Christian era, there are said to have been seventy sovereign families of this sort, and Armenia represented

on a grand scale the feuds and disorders of our Highlands.

The horror of that state of things was moreover heightened by the animosity and fanaticism of conflicting faiths; and all those who, obstinate in their attachment to the ancient rites, thrust forth the apostles or propagators of the Christian faith, presumed moreover a divine sanction for the lawlessness of their lives, and the robberies and the murders they committed on their brethren, who had fallen away from the customs of their fathers.

St. Gregory was the apostle of the Armenians. Anag, the father of this Gregory, had treacherously assassinated Khosrov, the Armenian sovereign; but the son, by converting Tiridates, the son and successor of Khosrov, to the Christian faith, made the balance of benefits incline to his family. The ancient re-

ligion and the introduction of the new one, is thus concisely described by M. Saint Martin.⁽³⁾

“Under the predecessors of Tiridates, Armenia followed a religion like that of the Parthians, *i. e.* a mixture of the opinions of Zoroaster with the worship of the divinities of the Greeks, and other superstitions imported from Scythia by their ancestors. Their temples abounded with statues of gods, to whom they sacrificed animals ; differing in this from the religion of Zoroaster, which, strictly speaking, admitted the existence of no other divinity than, “time without limit or end.” The gods considered most powerful by the Armenians were, Aramazt, the Ormuzd of the Persians, the Jupiter of the Greeks ; the goddess Anahid or Venus, and Mihir or Mithra ; but besides these they worshipped

Sbantarad, Vahakn, Parscham, Nané, and many others little known. Tiridates, converted by St. Gregory, the son of Anag, the assassin of his father, embraced Christianity, which he had cruelly persecuted before Constantine had become master of the Roman empire. The royal example was followed by the major part of the Armenian princes and people, and Tiridates invited an immense number of Greeks and Syrian priests, who founded bishopricks, monasteries, and churches, and disseminated the Christian religion throughout the provinces of the empire."

The creed of peace and mercy was not however introduced without blood.

Dreadful battles were fought ere it could be established, particularly in the districts of Daron, held as a sort of "holy land" by the

Armenians, on account of the innumerable temples it contained.

The idolatrous priests defended themselves with extreme obstinacy, and it was only with the sword in hand that Tiridates could expel them, and convert their heathen temples into Christian churches.

To the merits of constancy and firmness, allied as they will be, to obstinacy and fanaticism, the Armenians seem always to have had claim, and the spirit that made ten thousand of them submit to spoliation and exile for the sake of the Roman Catholic religion in 1828,⁽⁴⁾ was the same that animated them against the Christian creed in the third century, and led them to die for their temples and uncouth idols.

Armenia was ravaged by religious wars, even

for many years after the death of Tiridates, and if a community of faith insured the protection of the *now* Christian Romans, that circumstance provoked the hostilities of the heathen Persians, who were moreover frequently invited into their country by the pagan or non-conforming Armenians, in whose eyes their legitimate sovereigns were vile apostates.

For a certain period the kings of Armenia, if they could still merit that name, vacillated between the Romans and Persians, and frequently paid simultaneous tribute to both.

Their history is fertile in uninteresting horrors and treachery, which may be passed over, but two incidents may claim attention.

At one time an Armenian renegado, called Meroudjan, entered his native country at the head of a Persian army, and was so successful,

that he was enabled to commit the most horrible devastations. "The churches were destroyed, the priests and bishops were given up to the fury of the infidel soldiers; their books were burned; and entirely to detach the Armenian nation from the Christian religion, and from their alliance with the Romans, the use of the Greek alphabetic characters was proscribed, and that of the Persians substituted."

Moved by the calamities of a Christian people, the Emperor Valens sent an army to their succour. The Christian princes rallied round the Roman general, and hastened against the common enemy. "It was not long ere they met in the plains of Dsirav, in the centre of Armenia, and they attacked each other with all the fury that national and religious hatred

can give." After a tremendous carnage on both sides, the Persians and the infidels were defeated and driven out of the country.

The Romans pretended to keep for themselves what they had rescued, and the Persians soon returned.

Under the Emperor Theodosius, Armenia was divided by treaty between the two great powers, with as little ceremony as we have since seen practised in regard to Poland. Religion inclined towards the Roman half, but on seeing the Christian emigrations, the Persian, with philosophic toleration, or interested indifference, placed a Christian prince of the dynasty of the Arsacides, to reign over *his* portion of the spoil, which thenceforward seems to have been by far the best governed of the two. It was indeed in the Persian half of Armenia, and by a Christian prince who ruled

under the shadow and protection of a heathen king, that the most important benefits of religion and civilization were conferred. "Urham Schabouh keeping his promise of obedience to the Persian monarch, reigned tranquilly for twenty-one years. It was under his reign, and by order of the patriarch Sahag, that the learned Mesrob invented the Armenian alphabet, and caused a complete translation of the Bible to be made in the Armenian, from the Septuagint version."

Up to that period the Armenians had possessed only Greek and Syrian Bibles, which were unintelligible to the Christians of the country.

Mesrob moreover founded a school, and the writers it produced soon gave it celebrity throughout Armenia: and not resting here, to procure that knowledge which was not to be

found in their own country, he sent a considerable number of young men, distinguished by birth and talent, to Edessa, Alexandria, Antioch, Constantinople, Athens, and even to Rome, to study the language, the philosophy, and the literature of the Greeks. The most distinguished among these were Moses, of Khoren, David the philosopher, Gorioun, and Verzanogh, who all enriched the nascent Armenian literature on their return to their homes.

The invaluable donation, ⁽⁵⁾ the invention of letters, was given by Mesrob to the Armenians early in the fifth century; and some give precision to the date, and fix it at 406 A.D.

Immediately afterwards they seem to have entered the career of literature with considerable ardour. A great number of the Greek and Syrian authors were translated into Ar-

menian, and the introduction of a comparatively perfect literature among a people just emerging from barbarism, had unfortunately, but, perhaps, naturally the effect of discouraging any attempts of their own. Some original authors are, indeed, found, but it is said, that few among them evince much talent, or can now repay the trouble of perusal.

Their translations, if collected and examined, might turn out of more value, as in them we might find passages or entire works of the classics, whose loss we hitherto deplore, and a valuable addition to our variorum, that might sometimes tend to correct corrupted or disputed portions of ancient lore.

The great literary ardour of the Armenians lasted about two hundred years ; and it may be amusing to reflect on what was the state of polite letters in what are now the most civilized

nations of Europe, during that period—or in the fifth and sixth centuries. ⁽⁶⁾

The light that dawned on the regions of the Caucasus and Mount Ararat, was destined never to reach meridian splendour; but those ill-rewarded benefactors of their race, who sought in foreign lands the neglected deposits of letters, and returned, not only with the treasures of acquired knowledge, but loaded with ancient manuscripts, must have left the latter fruits of their labour behind them; and, perhaps many of those valuable manuscripts lie still concealed in the obscurity and remoteness of the religious houses which are scattered over those barbarized countries.

The toleration of the Persians was by no means constant; they frequently attempted to make the Armenians turn to the faith of Zoroaster, and at each attempt the Christians rose

and fought intrepidly. The degraded emperors of Constantinople, who themselves began to tremble at the Persian name, would also frequently incite the Armenians to throw off the infidel yoke; but the princes that took up arms, rarely received the succour promised by the lying Greeks; and though several of them displayed military talent, and all great valour, they invariably perished unhappily, only drawing fresh blood and misery on their country by their gallant efforts. Had the whole Armenian people been united in one cause and one religion, they might have foiled their powerful neighbour, but a vast portion of them adhering to the ancient worship, were always ready to assist their co-religionists, the Persians, against their own countrymen.

In the year 442, a king of Persia, (Yezded-

jerd II.) of extraordinary intolerance, resolved that not only the Armenians, but all the Christians who inhabited the Caucasus, should be compelled to embrace the Magian worship. Not daring at once to resort to force, he had the Armenian, Iberian, and Albanian Christian princes withdrawn from their respective countries, and sent to fight against the Huns, who were threatening his territories. "For more than two years the princes of Armenia warred with the Huns beyond the Dervent, and rendered great services to the Persian king, but nothing could induce them to renounce the Christian religion." Several of these princes were seized and put to death, and the Persian generals published at the head of their armies the will of the king; that all the Armenians should renounce their errors, whilst, in way of gentle argument, a long exposition of the

religious doctrine of the "only true religion" was addressed to all the Christian princes and prelates. ⁽⁷⁾

In the year 450, in the city of Ardaschael, and under the revered presidency of their Patriarch Joseph I., the principal Armenians met to deliberate on what answer they should return to the lieutenants of his Persian majesty. The answer was an heroic one, and they protested with one voice, that they would not abandon the Christian faith—that they were ready to suffer martyrdom for it!

The splendour and the glory of the martyr's crown was however eclipsed, to the eyes of some of the princes, by the production of implements of horrid torture. They went through the formula supposed efficient to change a faith, and were sent back to Armenia with fanatic troops and a host of Magi to

destroy the temples of Christ, and to re-allume the pure and sacred fire of Zoroaster.

As these propagators of idolatry advanced, the Christian Armenians every where ran to their arms, their patriarch and their bishops placed themselves at their head, and they soon found a fitter commander, in the person of a warrior, in Vartan, one of their princes, who had submitted for a moment to the forcible conversion. At the head of a hundred thousand men, Vartan marched against the heathens, whom he completely defeated.

The temples of Zoroaster were in their turn levelled with the dust, the "holy element" was extinguished on their altars, and those who had worshipped there, were slaughtered, or put to death by slow and exquisite tortures by the Armenians, whom persecution had not taught mercy.

Their neighbours, the Albanian or Aghovan, and Iberian Christians, formed common cause with them, and had the Emperor at Constantinople listened to their prayer for aid, Vartan might have bidden defiance to the Persians, and again formed Armenia into a Christian kingdom. But the imbecile Marcian and his Greeks were too much occupied by sectarian quarrels, to attend to religion and humanity, and the Armenians were left to the unequal struggle.

The valour and resolution they displayed on this occasion, must serve to redeem their character, and Vartan offers himself as a hero to our admiration.

He beat the Persian general opposed to him, he occupied the whole of Albania, he opened the defile of the Dervent, and dared call the Huns to his assistance !

But forced to return by the treachery and

apostacy of an Armenian prince, he was overcome by superior numbers, and died the death of the brave on the banks of the river Deghmod, in the province of Ardaz. A brother of Vartan gallantly, but unavailingly attempted to renew the struggle, and when he had fallen in battle, Armenia again submitted to the Persians.

At this period (451) many bold and timid spirits—the one class preferring exile to slavery, the other dreading the conqueror's revenge—fled from their country to the territories of the Greek empire, to the mountains of the Kurds, to the deep gorges of the Caucasus, and to Chaldea ; and the spread and dissemination of the Armenians, which now equal, if they do not surpass, those of the Jews, were begun.

The patriarch, the bishop, and priests innumerable, received the martyr's palm ; yet it

does not appear that the Persians could establish their religion in Armenia. After a lapse of thirty years, the Christians again rose, but after brief success they were overpowered, and many of them constrained to take refuge in the inaccessible mountains of Daïk'h, on the frontiers of Colchis.

The barbarians, the Huns, were of more service to the cause of the Armenians than the Christian Greeks; they pressed the Persian monarchy; and in 485, A. D. we find the free exercise of their religion accorded to the persecuted children of Haï, who at once began to reconstruct their churches. The same year, however, saw the introduction of an evil which, in orthodox eyes, surpassed that of Pagan domination. The evil was the heresy of Eutyches, which spread rapidly through Armenia, was embraced by the mass of the priests, and soon

became among them what it now is, the established religion.

In the course of the sixth century Armenia was the theatre of war between Persia and the Greek empire. Its consequent sufferings were great, and several attempts at regaining independence increased them.

The kingdom was governed by Marzbans, named by the Persian court, but there always were portions of it favoured by physical causes, and defended by brave Armenian princes, where the Persian arms could not penetrate.

In 632 the crescent of Mahomet *paled* the fires of Zoroaster, and the empire of Asia passed from the Persian dynasty of the proud Sassanides, to the successors of the Arabian camel-driver, merchant, and prophet.

Armenia then submitted almost entirely to the emperors of Constantinople, but she gained

little by the change—instead of the wars between Persians and Greeks, she had to witness the contests between Greeks and Arabs, and the generals of the caliphs were quite as sanguinary as those of the king of kings had been.

In 637 the conquerors of the Persians, the fanatic Arabs, made their first invasion of Armenia, marking their steps with fire and blood. Two years after the Mahometans passed the Araxes, renewed their horrors, and carried away with them as slaves a considerable portion of the Armenian people.

The choice of governors for Armenia, made by the Greek emperors, was not happy, and increased the disorders of the wretched country. Constant, in 647, as intolerant of heresy as the Persians had been of Christianity, resolved to make the Armenians abandon the doctrine of

Eutyches, and unite themselves to the Greek church. The Armenians preferred the domination of the infidels; they voluntarily enrolled themselves as subjects of the caliphs, and more than one of their princes followed the Mahometan crescent into Syria, and died fighting under it.

The Arabs contented themselves with an annual tribute, and left to the Armenians the choice of a prince of their own nation to govern them; but, about 656, whether the avarice of the suzerains had become oppressive, or the Christians ashamed of their submission to infidels, Armenia rose against the lieutenants of the Caliph, and again acknowledged the authority of the Emperor of Constantinople. As however the degenerate legions could no longer defend those regions against a bold and active enemy, the Armenians were soon obliged to

submit again to the Arabs, and still being governed by a prince of their own race and religion, and paying only a tribute to the Musulmans, they seem to have enjoyed as much tranquillity, as their own internal feuds would permit, for about a quarter of a century.

But at the expiration of that period, or in 686, Justinian II., enraged at the Armenians for continuing their subjection to, or alliance with the Musulmans, sent a powerful army against them. Their fate was indeed capricious and cruel! For no sooner had the Emperor's troops crossed the frontiers and begun their work of destruction, than the army of the Caliph's lieutenant, in the belief that the Armenians had secretly invited the Greeks to their succour, threw itself into the southern provinces of that unhappy country, where it committed horrors equal to what the Christians were per-

petrating in other parts of the kingdom. The Arabs proved the strongest, and remained masters of a great part of Armenia ; but four years after Justinian II. with a tremendous army expelled them again, and retained Armenia and Georgia for himself. He named two native princes to administer the government, and left 30,000 men for their defence against the Mussulmans.

An army that had lost its virtue, and a people that had lost their patriotism, and were divided among themselves, could not long resist forces like those of the Arabs, with a unity and intensity of motive and feeling.

The impetuous Abdallah invaded Armenia on every side, and soon left not a province undevastated. The ruling Prince and the Patriarch were carried prisoners into Mesopotamia, and many of the more distinguished Christians

received martyrdom at the hands of the Arabs.

Sempad, the captive prince, escaped from his prison in 694, and, raising the standard of revolt in his native mountains, and inviting the Emperor to his assistance, Abdallah was completely defeated, the Arabs again expelled, and Armenia, once more recognizing allegiance to the Greeks, was governed by its own prince.

Ten years passed : the pertinacious Musulmans then returned to the charge, and again rendered themselves masters of the country, having signalized their honour and humanity by burning a great number of the Armenian princes in a church after they had capitulated.

During the civil wars of the Ommiades and Abbassides, the Armenians, taking advantage of circumstances, partially recovered their independence, but the great Haroun-Alraschid

subjected them entirely, and governed them mildly, leaving them several of their native princes with royal, if not independent authority.

In 830 the Greek Emperor again invaded Armenia, but his invasion was but a parade—an idle, useless march through countries he could not maintain.

Fifteen years after, an attempt of more importance was made by the Armenians themselves, against the Mahometans.

Many of the Armenian princes, particularly some who occupied the northern mountains, towards the lake of Van and the frontiers of Mesopotamia, merely recognized the domination of the caliphs, in form. In reality they were independent, and conceiving that circumstances favoured, they nourished the glorious hope of making all Armenia free, and of ex-

PELLING the infidels for ever. These patriots after a short but noble struggle, were obliged to cede, and the Arabs then resorted to persecutions, (similar to those before employed by the Persians for Zoroaster,) to make the Armenians embrace the faith of Mahomet.

In a multitude the weaknesses of our nature must be felt by some, but it appears that the Armenians again showed that sturdiness of character we have had occasion to describe, and that Mahomet gained no more by fire and the stake, and the engines of torture, than Zoroaster had done before.

The caliphs seem to have been persuaded of the impracticability of governing the Armenians by any but their own Christian princes; for we find in 859, that Aschod, the son of Sempad, of the illustrious race of the Pagra-tides, was elevated to the rank of " Prince of

Princes," and soon afterwards put in possession of full royal authority, having no obligation towards the Arabs, save that of paying an annual tribute. Nor did his advancement stop here : for, in 885, the Caliph Motammed gave him the title of King, and sent him a crown of gold, which was placed on the Armenian's head, in the presence of the princes of the nation ; an advantage and honour more real, perhaps, than what he received a short time after from Basil, the Emperor of Constantinople, who wrote him a letter of felicitation, and accorded him the same royal title.

"And thus," says the historian of Armenia, "was our throne re-established after five hundred and fifty-seven years of misery and degradation, which had elapsed since the destruction of the dynasty of the Arsacides !"

For twenty-six years (when before had the country seen such a period?) Aschod maintained profound peace in Armenia. Yet a warrior's glory was not denied the fortunate man, for he marched against the barbarians that inhabited the deep valleys of North Armenia, the countries of Koukar and Odi, and the gorges of the Caucasus, and beat and obliged them to cease their depredations. In 889 he died, full of years and honour.

King Aschod was succeeded by his son Sempad, who was confirmed sovereign of Armenia in a splendid manner by the Caliph, and we may be amused by the friendly collision of Mahometanism and Christian rites. Afschin, the envoy of the successor of the Arabian prophet, placed with his own hands the golden crown on the head of Sempad, in

the presence of all the bishops and princes ; and assisted whilst the Patriarch of Armenia anointed the King with holy oil !

Sempad, as energetic and as successful as his father, considerably extended his frontiers, and under him the Armenian kingdom approached the shores of the Caspian sea. His brilliant career excited the fears of the Arabs and the jealousies of the Armenian and Georgian princes ; he suffered from treachery also, and his kingdom was again ravaged by foreign and civil wars.

He bore up manfully against the numerous evils that assailed him, but at last the stupid spite, the impolitic divisions of the princes who could despise patriotism and religion, and ally themselves with the Musulmans against their native sovereign, had the dubious triumph to see him defeated and taken, and nearly the

whole of Armenia, after a repetition of the usual horrors of fire and sword, again occupied by the Arabs.

The family virtue of the Pagratides survived however in Aschod, the son of Sempad, who, after some years of heroic but partisan warfare, was enabled, in 921, by the co-operation of the King of Georgia, and the succour of a Greek army, sent by Constantine-Porphirogenitus, to drive the Arabs again from Armenia, a country they had so often won and lost.

The capital of a Christian kingdom was now established at Ani, and many successive sovereigns of the Pagratides peaceably held their thrones in that city, which was enlarged and adorned by a splendid palace, and numerous churches and monasteries.⁽⁸⁾

At this period of its history, or about the

middle of the tenth century, Armenia was really in possession of a high degree of power and splendour; feared or respected by her neighbours, and tranquil within herself, the elegances of life were cultivated, the literary efforts of the fifth century were renewed and, compared with the condition of the rest of the world, the light of civilization might be said to rest upon that distant kingdom.

This happy state of things was however occasionally interrupted by a disputed succession, by the insubordination of distant princes, and other calamities, too long to particularize.

It was about the year 1021 that the Seljuk Turks appeared for the first time in Armenia; their stay was short, but they recrossed the Araxes loaded with the plunder of its pro-

vinces, and enriched with the slaves they had made among its Christian population.

The terror they inspired was so great that one of the Christian princes, styling himself king of Vasbouragan, (a part of Armenia,) voluntarily ceded his states to the Greek emperor Basil, who was tempted to seize on the whole of Armenia.

Basil and his successor, partly by force and partly by alliances with the princes of the house of Pagratides, may be said to have been masters, or suzerains, of Armenia, for about twenty years, when civil wars among the Greeks left to the native princes the faculty of rising and uniting, after sanguinary disputes among themselves, and at last, of electing Kakig, of the house of the Pagratides, as King of Armenia.

This young sovereign was scarcely seated on

his throne when another invasion of the Seljuk Turks called him to the field—a bloody field, but a glorious one ! for the Armenians fought valiantly, and drove the savages out of their country.

The crisis was hastening on ; it was soon to be decided whether these vast, and in part fair regions, should remain to the Christian cross, or fall under the Mahometan crescent ; and we must trace, with melancholy feeling, the mode in which the dilemma was resolved.

Had the Armenians been left to themselves, in the presence of danger, they might have reconciled their internal quarrels, and, resuming their ancient valour and patriotism, the Turks would have found their mountains impassable, and their plains untenable.

The Christian empire of the east was the natural ally, one would have deemed, of those

who opposed the ferocious infidels : but it was this Christian empire that threw Armenia into the blood-reeking hands of the Turks.

Constantine Monomachus, an exile, with no wider range than the island of Lesbos, ascended the throne of Constantinople, by marrying the aged Zoé, and found the Greek empire too narrow for him. His troops invaded Armenia; treachery had prepared the way for arms, and the whole country was subdued.

“ Scarcely, however, were the Greeks masters of Armenia, when they saw themselves called upon to defend it against the invasions of the Seljuk Turks, who were masters of a great part of the east, and preparing to dispute their possession of the country the Greeks had usurped. In the year 1047, the Sultan Toghril-Beg assembled a prodigious army to subdue Armenia, and to penetrate into the Greek empire.

“His generals advanced with rapidity, ravaged Armenia from the frontiers of Persia to the mountains of Trebizond, burned and destroyed all the open towns they found in their passage, and carried away an immense number of prisoners.”

The army which Constantine Monomachus sent to secure Armenia, to which he had no more right than Toghril-Beg, was commanded by Isaac Comnenus, who afterwards became emperor.

Comnenus was joined by many of the Christian princes of the country, and the valour of Libarid, of the Orpelians, mainly contributed to the decisive victory he obtained over the Turks, who were again driven out of all Armenia.

But, deprived of their national independence, taught to look to foreign arms for their de-

fence, persecuted by the Greeks for religious differences and occasional insubordination, the Armenian spirit was degraded, and, by the old process, the hatred against their fellow Christians not unfrequently led them to tamper with the Musulmans.

The degenerate Greeks could not long defend what Constantine had seized, and in 1064, the Sultan Alp-Arslan took Ani, its capital, and a great portion of the Armenian kingdom.

Seven years after these reverses, the Greeks made their last impotent attempt on Armenia, which had no other effect than that of strengthening the Turks.

In 1088, the Seljuk-Sultan conquered Georgia, and drove its Christian princes to the gorges of the Caucasus ; after which the Turks crossed the Euphrates, subdued Asia-Minor,

and followed the fugitive Greeks to the walls of Constantinople.

These grander enterprises of the conquering Mahometans, naturally withdrew the Seljuk princes from Armenia, which (entirely subdued except a small number of cantons, and fortresses in inaccessible mountains) they left to be governed by Turkish or Kurd Emirs.

In process of time several of these feudatory chiefs aimed at a superior degree of independence. Armenia, physically considered, seems always to have retained the character of a kingdom in itself, or rather the facility of being formed into one, and about the year 1100, we find one of the Emirs, named Sokman-Kotby, originally a Turkish slave, erecting it again into a circumscribed but separate state. The capital of Sokman-Kotby was Khelath, and the family of the enfranchised bondsman

retained the kingdom he had formed, and were honoured with the title of Shah-Armen, or Kings of Armenia, for upwards of eighty years.

The hardy Georgians mingled with many Armenians, who braved the power of the Moslems in the strongholds of the Caucasus, and took advantage of the intestine divisions which soon tore the empire of the Seljuk princes—Georgia was entirely recovered, and, had not the same jealousies and divisions occurred among the Christian princes, as had before weakened the Mahometan, the crescent might have been again driven beyond the Araxes. But the fatal causes of disseverance were potent as on former occasions, and if Georgia regained the character of an independent Christian kingdom, and ran for a certain period a career of glory and conquest, extending her dominions over all the countries between the

Black Sea and the Caspian, Armenia remained in subjection to the Moslems, or split into miserable fractions.

The great invasions and revolutions that desolated the world at this period, may lose their importance in our imagination, by their frequency.

In the year 1220, Armenia and parts of Georgia were over-run by a new enemy—by the Moguls under Soubada-bayadour, the general of the great Zingis-Khan, who in a twenty years course of conquest, had the satisfaction, or the curse, to carry his arms from China to Poland, from Pekin to Cracow. The brave Georgians, with some Armenian troops, met the Moguls in battle on the wide plains of Khounan; the Christians were defeated, but their valour and the physical difficulties of the country discouraged the general of Zingis-Khan

from attempting a permanent conquest, and hastily repassing the defiles of the Caucasus, he marched round the Caspian Sea to rejoin the standard of his royal master.

Already, and so often ravaged by fire and sword, what these countries underwent may be conceived, and the brief words of Gibbon may impress a dreadful picture of Mogul devastation on our minds. "They ruined a tract of many hundred miles, which was adorned with the habitations and labours of mankind, and five centuries have not been sufficient to repair the ravages of four years."

Scarcely, however, had the Moguls turned their backs, when Gelaleddin or Djilal-eddin the Sultan of Carizme, and the enemy of Zingis-Khan, invaded what his troops under Soubadabayadour had not been able to maintain, and ran *his* career of desolation through parts of

Georgia and Armenia, until he fell before a retributive lance on the mountains of the pastoral Kurds, which he had imprudently invaded.

A portion of Armenia governed by native princes, who held their territories by a species of feudal tenure, continued to be united to Georgia, the throne of which was occupied by a woman, the bold and fair Rouzoudan.

But about sixteen years after their first invasion, and in the reign of Octai, the son of Zingis-Khan, the Moguls returned and seized, though not without some hard fighting, a great part of Armenia and some provinces of Georgia.

Terrified by the horrid cruelties of these barbarians, many of the tributary Armenian princes at length submitted to their power; their example was followed by the Georgian chiefs, and at length none was left with spirit to resist—save a beautiful woman.

In the scarcity of romantic material offered in these rude annals, we might dwell with pleasure on this heroine's history!

Rouzoudan, the Queen of Georgia, disdaining to submit, and unable to defend her kingdom, retired to a melancholy corner of it, and in the all but impregnable fortress of Usaneth, and in the mountains of Imireth, "she braved for a long time the arms of the Moguls—the conquerors of Asia!"

Batchou, who commanded in Armenia and Georgia for the descendant of Zingis-Khan, felt an eager desire to subdue this last opponent; he might have been sensible of shame in thus being braved by a female, and his barbarous breast was susceptible of the charms of the sex, if what is related be true, that he fell in love with the Georgian Queen only from reports of her beauty. Rouzoudan turned a deaf ear to his

proposals, and to his invitations to leave her miserable fortress and to repair to his camp, where all honour should await her; nor did she pay more regard to Batou, the nephew of the Mogul Emperor, who, it is affirmed, similarly captivated by the description of her charms, invited her to his court.

Batchou the General, being nearer at hand, or more in love than Batou the Prince, determined to gain possession of the person of the scornful beauty. He was assisted even by a portion of the Armenians and Georgians, on his assurances that he would recognize as king of Georgia, David, the nephew of Rouzoudan, (whose throne indeed his aunt might be said to have usurped).

This David was anointed and proclaimed at Metckhitha, the ancient patriarchal city of the kingdom; and after the ceremony, the

Georgians and Armenians, in amiable and consonant league with the Mogul troops, marched against their queen in the fortress of Usaneth.

Rouzoudan was reduced to the last extremity, but preferring death to submission to the conqueror—though that Mogul conqueror offered himself as her lover, and a husband—she took poison, and, when dying, recommended a son she had, to Batou, the Mogul prince, whose protection she had equally rejected.

On the death of the beautiful Georgian Queen, David, her nephew, received from the Mogul Emperor the title of King of Georgia proper ; but the fortress of Usaneth, and the western part of the kingdom, were given to her son. Both princes were naturally under the control of the Moguls ; and the Armenian and Georgian chiefs frequently sought honour and

emolument in the ranks of the Mogul armies, with which they marched into Mesopotamia, Syria, Asia Minor, and elsewhere.

The religion of the Moguls, or of Zingis-Khan and his successors, has been praised for its perfect toleration; but when the conquerors, at the beginning of the fourteenth century, embraced the faith of Mahomet, the intolerant spirit of Islamism would not brook a union with Christians.

The Armenians and Georgians could not wield the sabre, and deny the mission of the Arabian prophet; they were expelled from military service; the posts they held were occupied by fanatic Unitarians; they lost all favour, and sank in obscurity and weakness.

Until that period the Moguls had defended the kings of Georgia and Armenia against all other enemies, but they were now abandoned

to the invasion of the Mamelukes, the Tartars, the Turcomans, and to their own civil wars, which soon reduced the country to a deplorable condition.

Under this accumulation of wretchedness, the Armenian clergy and people applied for assistance to the Pope; but the Armenians had incurred the guilt of schism, the spirit of crusading, even for the Holy Land, had considerably cooled, and the Christian nations who, in little more than another century, were to see the Turks overthrow the Greek Empire in *Europe*, without a coalition to oppose them, could not now be expected to do much for Armenia and *Asia*. To their applications successive Popes sent—what the Armenians cared not for—good advice!

Dynasty has succeeded to dynasty in the East, and the Persians and the Turks have,

in different times, and in various degrees, occupied or portioned out the dominions of ancient Armenia between them ; but no change or variety has benefited the Christian inhabitants, nor have they been able to recover for an instant a shadow of national independence.

A few barren spots there are, even to this day, in the inaccessible mountains of Siounie and Artsackh, where a petty Armenian lord arrogates to himself the title of Melik, or King : but such of these men as are not tributary to the Persians, cannot pretend to characters in reality more respectable than those of mountain-robbers.

The Armenians who are mentioned by Fulcherius Carnoensis, as taking part in the first crusade, and the siege of the Holy City, had for their last kings the descendants of European crusaders.

Four princes of the house of Lusignan, chosen by the Armenian nobles, wore the semblance of a kingly crown: two of these, the brothers, John and Guy, were murdered by their turbulent subjects; and Leo, the last of the four, was taken away from his conquered dominions by the Mamelukes, a prisoner, to Jerusalem. From Jerusalem he was transported to Cairo. In 1381, John the First, of Castile, obtained his liberty from the infidels; in 1391 he died at Paris, and in him, unless we are inclined to retain, and to smile at the pretensions of the little highland chieftains, the kingdom of Armenia was extinct.

“From this period,” to use the words of their modern historian, Chamich, “the Armenians have been a wandering race, their glory sunk, their existence as a nation annihilated, and the fame of their ancient renown only

known to a few who have access to their records."

In slightly tracing the history of these people after they ceased to be a nation, we may pass over in silence the horrors committed in their country by Tamerlane, and the uninteresting history of the Patriarchs of their church that intervenes, and pause at the period when Armenia was again occupied by a great conqueror.

This conqueror was the Persian monarch Shah-Abbas, and though partially invited and assisted by the Armenians, he shewed them little justice or generosity when he had expelled the Turks.

He despoiled their priesthood and increased their taxes, and a *coup d'état*, or a grand measure, that has secured the applause of an intelligent traveller,⁽⁹⁾ was not effected without

tremendous suffering on one side, and barbarous coercion on the other. To prevent the encampment of the Turkish armies on the borders of his dominions, Shah-Abbas laid waste that portion of Armenia, and transported the Armenian population within the limits of Persia.

Political economists may impassionately calculate the advantages of translocation, but a people are not to be torn up by the roots without a pang—a people will not quit their native soil—no ! not even if it be subject to incursions as destructive as those of the Turks—they will not abandon the mountains and the plains, the rivers and the lakes, among which their lives have past—they will not leave for ever their ancient temples and the tombs of their fathers without bitter regret. Yet this they were obliged to do, and the obstinacy of their attach-

ment compelled in the Persian monarch the most barbarous means. The Armenians were hunted down, and then driven like herds of cattle to a vast plain in the province of Ararat, whence they might behold the spectacle of their cities, towns, and villages in flames, and see the Persians laying waste their corn-fields, olive groves, and vineyards. The fugitives from these "herds" were mutilated, and the mass was driven on, by spear and sword, whilst on their way the Mahometan soldiers enjoyed the charms of the fairest of the wives and daughters of the Armenians. At the passage of the Araxes, hundreds were so fortunate as to find a watery grave; but the rest, without attention to the rigour of climate, were goaded on their way, over rude mountains and barren plains, and among their numbers were children, sick and maimed, pregnant women, and others

with infants sucking at their breasts—the aged and the helpless !

This exodus of the Armenians is said to have comprised twelve thousand families, and those who survived their journey and their griefs, were *then* humanely treated by the great transplanters. Two districts of Ispahan were allotted to them, and the inhabitants of the city of Julpha (in Armenia) were encouraged and assisted in building a new city in Persia, which they denominated New Julpha. The industry and commercial spirit of this colony improved the condition of the Persian empire, and they enjoyed, perhaps, themselves, a degree of prosperity superior to what they had known in their own country ; but ten thousand of their countrymen, captured and carried into Persia after them, were less fortunate, for, being relegated in unhealthy countries, in course of time they

all perished or emigrated anew. But, alas ! the New Julpha—the Christian colony—that was to give “ a new spirit and employment to a transplanted nation, and increase the wealth of an empire,” is now fast approaching in desolation to the old or Armenian Zulpha, whence they were transferred, and no stable benefit exists to excuse a measure effected with so much barbarity, and at the cost of so much human woe.⁽¹⁰⁾

Attached to national records, and having no kings (those convenient stepping-stones in chronology) the Armenians of Persia have continued a history of their Patriarchs,⁽¹¹⁾ but the events registered are too ecclesiastical—we can care little about their obscure synods and their quarrels among themselves⁽¹²⁾ and with their catholic brethren, and this part of the compilation of Father Michael Chamich, contains nothing more amusing or instructive.

But as Englishmen—as foremost in the career of civilization, the only earthly subject worthy of our continued attention—we must feel a sympathy in the concluding pages of the Armenian historian, and deeply regret that innumerable causes, among which the debasement of his race in Persia, and in Turkey, and their religious divisions, are prominent, must oppose that spread of mind, at which he aspires.

“ From the loss of her independence, Armenia sank into a lamentable state of degradation, the natural consequence of the cessation of useful learning, and the inactivity of the mental faculties. This deplorable condition of the Armenian nation being duly considered by a noble-minded descendant of Haï, he contemplated the establishment of a literary institution for the improvement of the Armenian

youth, and the amelioration of the Haïcan race, both in a religious and political view.

“ At this period (1812) Johannes Eleazar, an Armenian of distinction and popularity, a privy-counsellor to the Russian state, and Grand Knight of the order of Jerusalem, proposed to found an Armenian college out of his own exclusive means, under the protection of the Russian government ;⁽¹³⁾ but owing to the many employments in which he was occupied, he deferred it for some time. At length, when summoned to the upper world, he directed by his will, his brother Joakim Eleazar to execute the wish of his heart in a suitable manner.

“ Fired with patriotic zeal, and the desire of effecting his brother’s object, Joakim, who was then (in 1814) residing in St. Petersburg, took his departure for Moscow. Here, by the sanction of the Russian government, Joakim laid

the foundation of an extensive and magnificent college,⁽¹⁴⁾ and after laying out more than two hundred thousand rubles from his own estate, exclusive of the sum and its accumulated interest, left by his brother, it was completed in the year 1816. In the beginning of this year, Joakim collected Armenian youths from all the surrounding provinces, and commenced with very learned teachers to instruct them. The Eleazarian college has continued to improve. It has now a fund of two hundred thousand rubles in the royal treasury; the annual interest whereof is ten thousand rubles, to which amount Joakim has added a further sum, to enable the college to educate and maintain thirty orphan and indigent youth of the Armenian nation. * * * *

“The institution receives students from foreign nations, as well as Armenian youths, all

of whom are taught the Armenian, Russian, Latin, French, and German languages.

“ Besides grammar and rhetoric, they are instructed in geography, history, mathematics, logic, drawing, and other liberal arts and sciences. All the students, with the exception of clerical students, may, after fulfilling the course of education, devote themselves to the profession of a soldier, lawyer, physician, writer, teacher, merchant, &c. according to the wish of their parents or their own inclinations.

* * * * *

“ And here I cannot but congratulate my countrymen on the happy existence of this most interesting institution. Though deprived of our political glory, though subjected to the yoke of vile barbarians, and for centuries helpless wanderers over the face of the globe, yet we must cheer our hearts with the rays of comfort, so

brightly beaming from the patriotism of the noble family of the Eleazars. Let us rejoice in the recollection, that the gradual march of education, aided by unanimity and patriotism, will gradually tend to promote the independence and glory of Armenia.⁽¹⁵⁾ Let us confide in the Omnipotent, that a better destiny awaits our unhappy country, and that her former days of honour will return upon the benighted times of gloom and tempest ! Let us ardently hope, that the students trained in this college, in the principles of piety, patriotism, and liberty, will become ornaments to their country, and instruments for the regeneration of their countrymen."

To all this I add a fervent and sincere Amen ! and wish, though I cannot hope it, that even in my day, and in the persons of the gross and unintellectual Armenians of Constantinople, the

effects of this education may be such, that on reference to the pictures I have drawn, they may be deemed, not what they are—but caricatures.⁽¹⁶⁾

N O T E S.

THE

THE

is the centre of the...
boundary of...
Boys'...
of...

THE

THE

I had heard that...
"Mother Cary's..."
the same. Then...
that of a... and they...

Note 3, Page 11

Le... in...

Amicus (an inappropriate name for so important a...
factor) was king of the... and kept his...

N O T E S.

CHAPTER I.

Note 1, Page 2.

IN the centre of the valley. The plane trees in the neighbourhood of Constantinople are very fine, but that at Buyukderè is perhaps the finest—certainly the most curious of all. For a description of it, see D'Olivier's Travels.

Note 2, Page 7.

Les ames damnées.

I had heard that these birds were what our sailors call "Mother Cary's Chickens," but they did not appear to me the same. Their flight is astonishingly rapid and silent, like that of a bat, and they are never seen to rest.

Note 3, Page 14.

La Montagne du Geant.

Amycus (an inappropriate name for so turbulent a character) was king of the Bithynians, and kept his court on

the Bosphorus. He was a man of gigantic stature, and not only a great wrestler, but an expert boxer—qualities deemed heroic in early ages. But the vaunted number of this hero's victories, and his strength and size, which were such as appertained to the giants "that the earth brought forth to oppose the power of Jupiter," did not daunt the bold Argonauts whom he challenged on their passage. The Greek who "turned out" was Pollux, the semi-divine brother of Castor. According to Apollonius, the "set-to" was of a character that might have startled our Cribbs and our Jacksons; the result was the death of the giant, who had before killed so many—strangers when they could be found, and his own subjects when they could not, just to keep his hand in! Popular tradition had preserved the event, or the dream of the poet, among the Greeks, and when the Turks conquered the country, they merely adapted it to their own superstitions, as they have done in many other instances. Of the gigantic Greek hero, they made a gigantic Turkish dervish; but they must have increased his size, for they tell you, that he was wont to sit on the top of the mountain, and wash his feet in the Bosphorus, which would be something like (supposing the building more than twice as high) a man's resting on the pinnacle of St. Paul's, and cooling his toes in the Thames.

Note 4, Page 19.

Palamedes and Lufari.

The Greek names of two fine species of fish, caught in great abundance in the Bosphorus.

Note 5, Page 22.

Kibaub-shop.

An eating-house. At Smyrna frequently, and sometimes at Constantinople, in the course of my walks, I refreshed myself in these oriental *restaurateurs*—they would furnish some good pictures, but this is not the place for them.

Note 6, Page 24.

Of Sultan Selim.

This pretty Kiosk was built by an Armenian, a relation of my friends, the S——; part of it is now converted into a paper-mill—part is occupied by a silk manufactory.

CHAPTER II.

Note 1, Page 33.

To chew mastic.

This practice is common among all classes of Levant ladies, from the Turkish *Kadeun* to the Frank *Madame*, and I cannot say (to the eye) it is an elegant one. I used to be surprised at first, on entering a room, to see half a dozen fair ones chewing and twisting the tasteless gum as some of our sailors do their quids of tobacco; and when I saw, as I often did, a lady take the mastic from her mouth to pop it into that of a friend who was unprovided, I thought the practice positively a nasty one.

Note 2, Page 43.

Voluptuous expression.

It is impossible to look at Eastern eyes after this process, without being struck with what I have attempted to describe. The practice of blackening and gumming the eyelashes and eyebrows prevailed at Rome at least as far back as the days of Juvenal, who says:—

“Illa supercilium madida fuligine tactum,
Obliqua producit acu, pingitque trementes
Attollens oculos.”—*Sat.* II. v. 93, &c.

I have changed a gender in the quotation, and the classical reader will know why.

This making up and painting of faces seems to have been in practice throughout the East, and in all times. The Italian traveller, Pietro della Valle, inserts among the passionate praises of his Assyrian wife, her having risen superior to the universal mode.

“Della bellezza potrei aggiungere, che in te, non era artificiosa, o apparente, non finta o fucata; ma solida, e vera; che in tutto 'l breve corso di tua vita; che nella più fresca etade, pur troppo per tempo ahimè finì, benchè in anni così fioriti, quando il piacere altrui vien che alle donne sia più caro, non sapesti però giamai, che cosa fusse imbellettarti, nè trasfigurarti il viso, come fan quasi tutte le altre donne, con artificiosi ornamenti, che a giusa d'incanti le altrui viste ingannano: non sapesti mai, dico, che cosa ciò fusse, fuor che quei primi tre o quattro giorni, che sposa ti condussero alla mia casa; che allora, come delle spose è costume, le tue parenti, ma contra tua voglia, e ricusandolo tu

fin con sdegno e con lagrime, a forza t' imbellettarono alquanto. Ma dopo che meco nella mia casa, a tua voglia vivesti, i tuoi lisci, i tuoi belletti non furono altro giamai, che acqua chiara e pura, del fonte, o rivo più vicino alla nostra tenda, s' eramo in campagna."

I would recommend the perusal of the rest of this neglected Italian production, an "Orazione funebre," as curious a mixture of feeling and affectation, of eloquence and bad taste, as the *concettoso* seventeenth century can furnish. The story of the heroine it celebrates is soon told.—Sitti Maani Gioerida was born in Mesopotamia, of a Christian family. When very young she became the wife of the wandering Italian; she accompanied him on his journeys, and even in the battles he fought as an officer of the Persian king. A premature death separated her from the husband of her choice, as he was preparing to carry her to India—her body he *did* carry, he had it secured in a coffin: for four years it was the inseparable companion of his long and perilous travels; and, at the end of that period, he deposited it with great pomp, in the tomb of his noble ancestors at Rome, pronouncing himself the funeral oration I have quoted from.

Note 3, Page 44.

Kuz.

Turkish for maiden or girl.

Note 4, Page 44.

As bright as a new English watch.

A common comparison among the Turks. Chelibi-Effendi makes use of it, in his treatise on the Nizam-djedid.

Note 5, Page 46.

Pezavenk.

Though continually in the mouths of the Turks, is a very naughty word—*ruffiano* would be good Italian for it.

Note 6, Page 46.

Bits of paper.

If a Turk see any scattered about, he will carefully pick them up: in the next world they will intervene between the soles of his feet, and certain hot ground he has to slide over ere he reach the houris.

Note 7, Page 47.

Kiat-hana,

Or the Valley of the Sweet-waters, contains, or did contain a Turkish paper manufactory.

Note 8, Page 48.

Sufferer.

These fevers I have mentioned in my book of travels, as being frequent—that they are severe, I have testified in my own person.

Note 9, Page 49.

Round her pulse.

This is a favourite remedy in some parts of Turkey for an intermittent fever.

Note 10, Page 51.

Boyadji.

A vender of cosmetics.—*Kalemkiardji*, a vender or maker of painted handkerchiefs.

Note 11, Page 52.

Turkish mendicants.

These are generally women, and they will call even a Frank a son of a Sultan in the heat of their gratitude.

Note 12, Page 53.

Tinkling sound.

The paras are the smallest, thinnest coins imaginable, I have often detected myself in moments of ill humour or absent-mindedness, tearing them in half with my nails. The reader should remember this, to understand correctly how the paras streamed from the belt of the unlucky Jew, in "Anastasius."

Note 13, Page 54.

Without exaggeration.

I had this story, with one or two others still worse, from an eye-witness.

Note 14, Page 56.

Backal.

What one might call in English, a chandler-shop-keeper.

Note 15, Page 58.

Prophetic spirit.

"I no longer doubted that the fumes of the brazier over which we sat, must have all the oracular virtues which issued from the cave of Delphi."—*Anastasius*, vol. i. chap. i.

For the description of a tandour, see mine or any other man's travels in Turkey.

Note 16, Page 62.

Nous autres Français.

It was always particularly annoying to a young Frenchman at Pera and myself to hear this expression, and that of *nous autres Anglais*, used by people who had never seen either England or France, who had not a drop of French or English blood in their veins, nor a French or English idea in their heads. They were drogomans, or "*druggermen*" as our old travellers used to call them, or descended from, or connected with those worthies who enjoy the protection of the nation they serve or betray.

CHAPTER III.

Note 1, Page 71.

Beskik-tash Serai.

The palace of the Marble Cradle.

Though its graphic skill and beauty may be fatal, when brought in contact, to my feeble sketches, I cannot avoid inserting the following description of Constantinople—the production of a gentleman, of whose friendship I am proud.

"The view of this city, which appeared intersected by groves of cypress, (for such is the effect of its great burial grounds planted with these trees,) its gilded domes and minarets reflecting the first rays of the sun; the deep blue sea in which it glassed itself, and *that* sea covered with beautiful boats and barges darting in every direction in

perfect silence, amid sea-fowl that sat at rest upon the waters, altogether conveyed such an impression as I had never received, and probably never shall again receive from the view of any other place. * * * *

TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

A glorious form thy shining city wore,
'Mid cypress thickets of perennial green,
With minaret and golden dome between,
While thy sea softly kiss'd its grassy shore :

Darting across whose blue expanse was seen,
Of sculptured barques and galleys many a score ;
Whence noise was none, save that of plashing oar,
Nor word was spoke, to break the calm serene.

Unheard is whiskered boatman's hail or joke,
Who, mute as Sinbad's man of copper, rows,
And only intermits the sturdy stroke,

When fearless gull too nigh his pinnacle goes.
I, hardly conscious if I dreamed or woke,
Mark'd that strange piece of action and repose.

“ While such is the external appearance of Constantinople, I ought to remark that strangers, disappointed by its magnificent promise, have been led to make a very unfair estimate of its interior. This is by no means void of beauties or of interest; but what, I confess, made the greatest impression upon me was the splendour and variety of the costume of its inhabitants; the *bostangîs*, the *galcongîs*,

the *janissaries*, the *spahis*, &c., all attired in different, and all in beautiful dresses. The Turk has no eye for figure, (which he is prevented by religious scruples from studying,) but he has an exquisite taste for what may be called picturesque design, as in arabesques, and as great a felicity in the arrangement of colours; in which latter point he is aided by his climate, the warm tints of which soften contrast, and justify the boldest combinations of red and blue, yellow and purple, &c."

Thoughts and Recollections, by one of the last century.

Note 2, Page 71.

The Shade of the Divinity and the Light of the Universe.

Two of the innumerable titles of the Sultans. The most appropriate of all their titles is that of "Unmuzzled lions," *Yoularsiz-Arslan*.

Note 3, Page 74.

The cypresses.

Dark tree, still sad when others' grief is fled,
The only constant mourner o'er the dead!

Lord Byron.

Note 4, Page 75.

Lady Montague.

"To Mr. POPE.

"Belgrade Village, June 17, o. s. 1717.

"I hope before this time you have received two or three of my letters. I had yours but yesterday, though

dated the third of February, in which you suppose me to be dead and buried. I have already let you know that I am still alive; but, to say truth, I look upon my present circumstances to be exactly the same with those of departed spirits.

“The heats of Constantinople have driven me to this place, which perfectly answers the description of the Elysian fields. I am in the middle of a wood, consisting chiefly of fruit-trees, watered by a vast number of fountains famous for the excellency of their waters, and divided into many shady walks, upon short grass that seems to me artificial, but I am assured is the pure work of nature; and within view of the Black Sea, from whence we perpetually enjoy the refreshment of cool breezes that make us insensible of the heat of the summer. The village is only inhabited by the richest among the Christians, who meet every night at a fountain forty paces from my house, to sing and dance. The beauty and dress of the women exactly resemble the ideas of the ancient nymphs, as they are given us by the representations of poets and painters.”

Note 5, Page 80.

Belgrade's bendts.

These reservoirs, which supply Constantinople with water, are made by building strong dams at the mouth of a narrow valley, or deep hollow—the rain and the water from the mountains are thus retained. In some the masonry is composed of marble which shews purely white, but more generally age and moisture, and the fast growing aquatic

plants have discoloured and garlanded the wall, making the whole look like the work of nature. After the bendt by the village of Belgrade, that of Backchekeiu is the finest. It is situated very high. On my visiting it the water was full, and rippling over the beautiful white marble, as the gusts of the passing breeze ruffled its surface; the gay green of the forest, the brilliant white of the marble wall, and the sparkling clear water—all seen with the advantages of a lovely season—had the most felicitous effect! This beautiful marble masonry closing up one side of a valley, cannot be much less than eighty or ninety feet in height, and of thickness proportionate. For a detailed description of the bendts, the aqueducts, and curious hydraulics of Constantinople, I refer the reader, with pleasure, to an admirable work by Count Andreossy.

Note 6, Page 84.

The Turks call a shabbily dressed fellow *tight-breeches!*

Note 7, Page 84.

Colours.

See passage from “Thoughts and Recollections,” quoted in Note 1 of this Chapter.

Note 8, Page 85.

Long dress.

The flowing oriental costume is so called.

Note 9, Page 86.

Windy weather.

This accident really befell a gentleman, for whom I have a great respect. The surprise of the Turkish boatman, when he saw hat and wig floating on the waves, and the Frank's head as bare as his own, when without his turban, was extreme and ludicrous.

Note 10, Page 87.

Yaourt and Caimac.

Preparations of milk already described.

Note 11, Page 90.

Their rhymes.

The reader may remember the "*pastori Arcadi*" of Rome: they are said to have written as much bad poetry as would paper the Coliseum, inside and out. I was once offered a crook myself, and a friend of mine did not escape the honour without difficulty. When the better days of Greece had gone by, Strabo (I think it is) informs us that Arcadia was famous for its asses!

Note 12, Page 90.

Yerooks.

Wandering tribes, that live in tents.

Note 13, Page 101.

Saïr-ola.

May it be well with you! A Turkish salutation when travellers meet on the road.

Note 14, Page 104.

An inferior style.

This is true, and the Turks are offended if a Christian employ the style of courtesy, they (the Musulmans) use with each other.

Note 15, Page 105.

Colombojo.

Composed of beads—the same as the Catholic chaplet or rosary. A Turkish gentleman is hardly ever found without one in his hand.

Note 16, Page 107.

Shaitan-culy.

Literally, valet of the devil!

CHAPTER IV.

Note 1, Page 115.

At his feet.

A rose may cover a love-letter, as here; but I could never learn any thing of the pretty practice of making love with flowers, that Lady Montague talks of.

Note 2, Page 125.

Timar-hané.

The mad-houses of Constantinople—dreadful places! I never saw so awful a specimen of madness, as there, in a jet-black Nubian. He was secured to the massy iron grating of his cell by a strong iron chain, attached to an iron collar round his neck.

Note 3, Page 133.

Our after years.

Mr. Moore has beautifully illustrated this poetry of early life, in his notices of Lord Byron. There is one exquisite passage in his work, which I must quote, as it relates both to the formation of the poetical character, and to "The Land of the East."

"In visiting these countries, he was but realizing the dreams of his childhood; and this return of his thoughts to that innocent time gave a freshness and purity to their current, which they had long wanted. Under the spell of such recollections, the attraction of novelty was among the least that the scenes, through which he wandered, presented. Fond images of the past—and few have ever retained them so vividly—mingled themselves with the impressions of the objects before him; and as among the Highlands, he had often traversed, in fancy, the land of the Moslem, so memory, from the wild hills of Albania, now carried him back to Morven."—Vol. i. page 255.

CHAPTER V.

Note 1, Page 137.

To the place of execution.

Those who have resided in Catholic countries, will remember this custom. There is another accompanying it: a number of men looking like sheeted ghosts, and wrapped in the same white robes that are worn at funerals, precede the

criminal, clamourously begging for money to pay for masses for the repose of the soul of the sinner who is hurrying to death, but who is not yet dead!

Note 2, Page 139.

Sultan Shahriar.

See introduction to the Arabian Nights.

Note 3, Page 143.

Jourbalik.

A rising or revolt of the Janissaries.

Note 4, Page 145.

In the vein.

A common Turkish saying.

Note 5, Page 145.

Pilaff kettles.

The reader must be aware of the importance of these culinary utensils among the Janissaries—the signal of their discontent and rising was the turning of these kettles upside down.

Note 6, Page 151.

Unmuzzled lions.

One of the titles of the Sultans.

Note 7, Page 153.

The fate of an empire.

I have described this day's work at some length in "Constantinople in 1828."

Note 8, Page 154.

Cavazes, or messengers.

The Turks appointed to protect the different embassies, are now so called. The word Janissary must not be uttered in Stamboul!

Note 9, Page 161.

Turkish blade.

The yataghan cuts like a razor.

Note 10, Page 161.

Into Paradise.

A vulgar Turkish superstition.

Note 11, Page 169.

Issrafil.

The arch-angel who is to summon the dead to the judgment seat. The idea of a man's crimes assuming a corporeal form, vast and deformed in proportion to his guilt, always struck me as being one of the most sublime things in the Koran.

Note 12, Page 171.

Evil fortunes.

These amulets are generally worn as described in the text. I have one in my possession that I picked up in Asia Minor, at a place where some Turks had been bathing.

Note 13, Page 171.

Shagreen case.

The Turks always secure their watches within a case of this sort, or a leather bag.

CHAPTER VI.

Note 1, Page 175.

Dying.

There is no exaggeration in this passage—the events frequently occurred.

Note 2, Page 176.

The paradise of Pera.

In a witty little song I have often heard sung on the spot, Pera is so denominated. It was the composition of a young French diplomat. I think I can remember a few lines:—

“ Je crois qu'ici bas
Il n'existe pas
Un plus charmant pays—
C'est un paradis!

De loin et de près
On y vient exprès
Pour se former sans bruit
Le cœur, et l'esprit.

Ici tout vous rit,
Le peuple est instruit
Par des moines savans
Polis, elegans.

Les gens opulens
Ont tous des talens,
Et ne prêtent jamais
Qu'à gros intérêts.” &c. &c.

Note 3, Page 181.

His bond.

“ If she is blind, if she is halt, or hump-backed, thou acceptest her.”

Note 4, Page 188.

At Prinkipo.

I have described that island and its mad-house elsewhere.

Note 5, Page 188.

Cut off my beard.

This is the condign punishment of a papas who has misbehaved!

Note 6, Page 197.

The beau's table.

“ In the centre a space, where the venison was not !”—
Goldsmith's Haunch of Venison.

Note 7, Page 198.

The four corners.

The quadrivium of Pera.

Note 8, Page 200.

Suburbs.

The unowned dogs are very numerous here, and very troublesome, and no doubt at times very hungry ; yet I can hardly credit a story they tell of them—that they ate up a drunken ship-captain, who had fallen among them late at night, and of whom nothing was found the next morning, save his thick pigtail, which they had left as indigestible !

Note 9, Page 201.

Their mothers.

They frequently extend these unsavoury compliments to one's grandmother, and to all the females of one's family. Caratà is Turkish for *cocu*.

CHAPTER VII.

Note 1, Page 206.

Gay roses.

In Greek marriages, both bride and bridegroom wear a wreath of roses; but the whole ceremony retains a classical character.

Note 2, Page 206.

At early morn.

I have often seen with admiration the effect I have attempted to paint, when descending the Bosphorus, at an early hour, from Therapia to Pera.

Note 3, Page 208.

Up the channel.

The terror the Bostandji-bashi's presence inspires there, is happily hit off in "Anastasius," vol. i. chap. iv.

Note 4, Page 212.

To all men.

The hall is indeed open to the rayah as to the Osmanli—but it is a satire to call it "of justice."

Note 5, Page 216.

Their interest.

The corruptibility of the Turkish courts is too notorious to need exemplification.

Note 6, Page 220.

Bosh-lacredi.

Nonsense!

Note 7, Page 221.

Kuz.

Turkish for a girl.

Note 8, Page 221.

Eight thousand piastres.

“ Pendant la peste de 1812 à 1814, le Reiss-Effendi perdit une de ses femmes, à laquelle il paraissait fort attaché ; je lui en fis faire mon compliment de condoléance. *Oui*, répondit-il à mon drogoman, *je la regrette beaucoup, elle m'avait coûté cinq milles piastres !*”—*Le Comte d'Andreossy sur le Bosphore, Discours préliminaire.*

Note 9, Page 226.

The bagnio.

The horrible prison in the Arsenal.

Note 10, Page 228.

Watchmen.

During a long and dangerous illness at Pera I became familiar with these harsh sounds.

Note 11, Page 230.

The Pontic sea.

In these few words Shakespeare conveys a sublime picture of the Bosphorus.

Note 12, Page 232.

Each Friday.

The reader will thank me for another sonnet: it was written on seeing the Sultan going to the mosque, by the tasteful author of "Thoughts and Recollections."

" One Friday morn, the Moslem's sabbath, I
Where Bosphorus with wider stream expands,
Stood, like an eastern slave, with folded hands
While to his mosque the Turkish lord swept by ;

(So he, the ancient ruler of these lands,
Erst visited his church,) half hid from eye,
By crested helms and lances lifted high ;
Not girt with scimitared and turbaned bands.

Like him, in weal or woe, must he maintain
This ancient use, lest moved by priest or peers,
The moody rabble should disturb his reign.

And much it pleased me, looking on those spears,
To think how little is the tyrant's gain,
Who, in usurping power, heirs all its fears."

Note 13, Page 232.

Namaz.

Prayer—Sultan Mahmood's is always very short.

Note 14, Page 233.

Kachambas.

An imperial barge.

Note 15, Page 233.

Over his head.

This is the general way of presenting petitions.

Note 16, Page 234.

The Arab Saint.

Eyoob, one of the companions of the prophet himself. He was killed at the first Saracenic siege of Constantinople: his bones were discovered at the capture of the city by Mahomet II. A splendid mosque was erected near his grave, and the beautiful suburb has since been called by his name. I have described Eyoob in "Constantinople in 1828."

Note 17, Page 236.

Angora

Is still a very considerable city, and famous for cats, goats, sheep, and greyhounds.

Note 18, Page 236.

Banished.

The French government has lately been humanely employed in obtaining from the Sultan the re-call of these unfortunate Catholic Armenians.

Note 19, Page 237.

Marble slab.

I have described Armenian tombs in a preceding note.

CHAPTER VIII.

Note 1, Page 243.

Sung by their bards.

The Armenians had national poets at a very early period, and detached passages of their inspirations have been preserved by Armenian historians. The learned Orientalist Monsieur de Saint Martin traces a striking resemblance between their style and that of the Hebrews.

Note 2, Page 246.

Bales of merchandize.

In Vol. I. Chap. IV. I have endeavoured to convey an idea of the commercial range and enterprise of the Armenian people.

Note 3, Page 250.

M. de Saint Martin.

This gentleman's information is good, but some very

valuable notes on the Magian worship, the ancient religion of Armenia, will be found in Sir William Ouseley's Travels. I would particularly point out one passage in vol. i. p. 123.

Note 4, Page 252.

In 1828.

I described these events with unaffected sorrow, a short time after they occurred, in "Constantinople in 1828."

Note 5, Page 257.

The invaluable donation, the invention of letters.

"Blest be his shade, in endless realms of light,
Who bade the Alphabet dispel our night;
Those wondrous symbols that can still retain
The phantom forms that pass along the brain;
O'er unsubstantial thought hold strong control,
And fix the essence of the immortal soul.
Man, unreluctant, meets the general doom,
His mind, embalmed, defies th' o'erwhelming tomb;
Lives in fresh vigour thro' succeeding years,
Nor yields its powers whilst nature guides the spheres."

The Press.

Note 6, Page 259.

Fifth and sixth centuries.

The following passage in point, is from Dr. Robertson's "View of the State of Europe."

"In less than a century after the barbarous nations settled in their new conquests, almost all the effects of know-

ledge and civility, which the Romans had spread through Europe, disappeared. Not only the arts of elegance, which minister to luxury, and are supported by it, but many of the useful arts, without which life can scarcely be considered as comfortable, were neglected or lost. Literature, science, and taste were words little in use during the ages which we are contemplating; or, if they occur at any time, eminence in them is ascribed to persons and productions so contemptible, that it appears their true import was little understood. Persons of the highest rank, and in the most eminent stations, could not read or write. Many of the clergy did not understand the breviary which they were obliged daily to recite; some of them could scarcely read it. The memory of past transactions was, in a great degree, lost, or preserved in annals filled with trifling events or legendary tales."

Note 7, Page 262.

To all the Christian princes and prelates.

A translation of this extraordinary *ordonnance* will be found at the end of the second volume of M. de Saint Martin's "Mémoires sur l'Arménie." It was preserved by an Armenian historian, and is supposed to be one of the most ancient and most authentic accounts we possess, of the religion of Zoroaster.

Note 8, Page 278.

Churches and monasteries.

Ani was visited and is well described by Sir Robert Ker Porter. See his *Eastern Travels*, vol. i. p. 172, &c. The pic-

ture is a melancholy one ! Utter desolation reigned in the capital of the Armenian kingdom. " No living creature appeared, even as a looker-on ;" but the amiable traveller found the immense walls and towers of the city " of the finest masonry," crosses, (the Christian cross !) and exquisite fretwork—broken capitals, columns, and highly ornamented friezes—the ruins of many churches, and of a palace of the Armenian kings, in itself a city ! The rest of his description more than bears me out in my proposition, that at the period this city was built, Armenia was highly civilized.

Note 9, Page 297.

An intelligent traveller.

Mr. Hobhouse. See his Travels, letter xlv.

Note 10, Page 301.

Human woe.

" This town, (the new or Persian Julpha,) has suffered in the general decrease of Persian population; it was supposed to contain, as Kämpfer declares, about the year 1685, no fewer than thirty thousand souls; and, according to the accounts that I received from a native, it comprised, in the time of Shah-Abbas, two thousand houses or families, of which the number is now reduced to three hundred and fifty, or at most four hundred."—*Sir W. Ouseley's Eastern Travels*, vol. iii. p. 46.

But the same excellent authority informs us that the old Julpha in Armenia is in a still more desolate condition.

" Forty-five Armenian families, apparently of the lowest

class, constituted the entire population. But of its former inhabitants, the multiplicity was sufficiently evinced by the ample and crowded cemetery. * * * * "Our countryman, John Cartwright, above two centuries ago, estimated the population of Chiulfa (Julpha) at two thousand. He found the buildings very faire, all of hard quarry stone; and the inhabitants very courteous and affable, great drinkers of wine, but no brawlers in that drunken humour; and when they are most in drinke, they poure out their prayers, especially to the Virgin Mary, as the absolute commander of her sonne, Jesus Christ." (*The Preacher's Travels*, p. 35.—*London*, 1611.)—This quaint character might be applied at the present day to some of my friends, the Armenians in Turkey.

Note 11, Page 301.

A History of their Patriarchs.

From Saint Gregory the First, or the Illuminator in 275, down to the year 1784, the Armenians can count two hundred and seventeen Patriarchs, and the order and date of their succession seems generally rather well established.

Note 12, Page 301.

Quarrels among themselves.

These dissensions were frequent and violent—perhaps the most violent of all was about the concoction of the "Myron," or holy oil.

Note 13, Page 303.

The *Russian Government* is entitled to every praise for the humane and tolerant manner in which it treats its

conquered subjects, or the population of the countries it includes in its widely spreading empire. The treatment of its own subjects may be more objectionable, and in this Russia differs essentially from Austria, in whose hereditary dominions the government is respected and loved, whilst impatience, disgust, and hatred answer to its misrule in Italy, and other countries occupied by Austrian arms. The rule holds throughout. The Tyrol, the cradle of the imperial family of Hapsburgh, was part of those hereditary states, and, being treated as such, was contented and happy, and shewed its devotion to the sovereign in a manner truly heroic; yet, when recovered by Austria at the late peace, Tyrol was treated as an exotic portion of the empire, and now the bold and faithful Tyrolese detest its sway, and would be glad to return to that very position they before gallantly endeavoured to avoid when prescribed by Buona-parte.

Note 14, Page 304.

A magnificent college.

The frontispiece to the second volume of Father Chamich's history, is an engraving (neatly executed) by an English artist at Calcutta. If it is a fair representation, it may really merit, for the college at Moscow, the epithet of *magnificent*!

Note 15, Page 306.

Tend to promote the independence of Armenia.

I reflect with pleasure, that these noble aspirations are the fruit of the Armenians' communication with my own

countrymen. In our dominions in India, members of this scattered nation have felt the benefits resulting from civilization and good government; and their spirit, recovering from its debasement, is susceptible of the glorious and rational sentiment of patriotism. But, alas! the Armenians in Turkey are as yet far from following their march of mind! An intelligent Armenian, with whom I was acquainted, a certain Hatchedur, who had resided long in India, and spoke our language very well, once ventured on the subject with some of his brethren at Smyrna. "The Greeks," said he, "though comparatively so inferior in number, will become a Christian nation; but scattered through Europe and Asia, there are ten millions of Armenians!—why should we not aspire at our recomposition into a nation, and at the possession of the fine country that was once our fathers', independent of Persian or Turk?" Such of the Armenians there as understood him, thought him mad. They were happy enough with the Turks, and only wanted better times or better trade!

Note 16, Page 307.

Another nucleus of civilization, of which we may be proud, exists in our Indian possessions. A philanthropic institution and school instruct the Armenian youth in geometry, geography, arithmetic and grammar in the English and Armenian languages. Their examination in the month of January, 1828, was very satisfactory, and English clergymen, in amiable union with Armeniau priests, presided and distributed the prizes.

Mrs. Heber, the talented relict of a most talented and

amiable man, a lady, in whose good sense and judgment I feel disposed to place implicit reliance, speaks in the most favourable terms of the Armenians resident in India; and the comprehensive mind of the Bishop had contemplated with delight the possibility of reconciling the Eutychean church to something like the doctrine and discipline of our own. An improvement indeed! and to be desired even by those who, destitute of warmth in favour of any peculiar mode of faith, merely view the matter with a philosophic eye. The following extracts from Bishop Heber's journal are replete with interest.

“ The Armenians in Madras are numerous, and some of them wealthy. Mr. Sam, the principal of them, is a very sensible and well-informed man; a great traveller, like most of his nation, and who, more than most of his nation, has mixed, and still mixes in good European society. He told me some curious particulars concerning his country, partly on his own authority, partly as interpreter to Mar Simeon, a dignified ecclesiastic, from a convent near Erivan, whom I met with at Bombay, and who now again called on me. At Bombay they had called him bishop, but I now found that he was only Episcopal Commissary, from the Archbishop of Shirauz. I thought him now, as I had previously done at Bombay, a plain, modest man, very grateful for attention, but far less well-informed and interesting than Mar Abraham of Jerusalem. He told me, what I was glad to learn, that the Russians governed their new conquests on the side of Georgia, very well and justly; and that the poor oppressed Christians of Armenia earnestly prayed that they

also might become the subjects of the Emperor, instead of Persia and Turkey. He too, as well as Mar Abraham and the Archbishop Athanasius, expressed a desire to attend the English church service, and accordingly came the day on which I administered confirmation. On the whole, I cannot but hope that many good effects may arise from this approximation in courtesy, &c. of the Eastern Churches to our own; when they find that we desire no dominion over them, they may gradually be led to imitate us. But it is painful to see, how slight causes, as in the case of Athanasius, may endanger this alliance."—Vol. iii. p. 208.

"There are still a few Armenians resident in the town, some of them wealthy, with a church, and two Priests. Their Archbishop, who makes once in four or five years a journey from Nakitchvan to India, is now in the place, on the same errand with me. There are also a few Portuguese, very poor and degraded. Of Greeks, the number is considerable, and they are described as an industrious and intelligent people, mixing more with the English than the rest, and filling many of the subaltern situations under government. The clerk at the English Church, (it happens singularly enough,) is a Greek, and the Greek Priest has sent to request permission to call on me. Of English, there are none, except a few indigo planters in the neighbourhood, and those in the civil or military service."—Vol. i. p. 185.

"I had two visits during the week from the Armenian Archbishop of Ecmiazin, (near what they call Mount Ararat) who, attended by one of the suffragans of the Patriarch of Jerusalem, is making a visitation of all the different churches of their communion in Persia and India. The

Archbishop has every appearance of a mild, respectable, intelligent man : he of Jerusalem seems shrewd. I was anxious to be civil to them both, but they only spoke Turkish and their own tongue. Fortunately one of their Dacca congregation could officiate as interpreter, and then we got on well by the help of my Russian acquaintance and recollections. They were both well acquainted with Georgia ; and Abraham of Jerusalem had been at Mosdok, Nakitchvan, Kalomna, and Moscow. I was able to do them some trifling services, and we parted with mutual good wishes." —Vol. i. p. 202.

Page 376.

Letter to the Propagation Society.

"It is well known to the incorporated Society that there is a considerable and rather wealthy population of Armenian Christians scattered throughout all the mercantile cities of the east, and, in general, very advantageously distinguished by their industry, sobriety, punctual dealing, and attachment, even in Mohamedan and heathen countries, to the religion of their forefathers. To supply the spiritual wants of these scattered communities, and to collect from them the alms by which the mother churches in their own country and at Jerusalem, are in a great degree supported, the patriarchs of Jerusalem and Ecmiazin send round, from time to time, some of their suffragan bishops, and even archbishops, with commissions and characters not very unlike the 'nuntii' of the court of Rome. It may be observed, indeed, that these prelates have seldom more than a titular connexion with any particular flocks, but

constitute a sort of 'Sacred College' in attendance on their respective patriarchs, or employed as their agents in other scenes of action: the machinery, indeed, and titles of each patriarchate, offer a striking resemblance in miniature to the court of Rome, though these eastern patriarchates are guiltless of that exorbitant and anti-Christian assumption of power which the rudeness of the western church encouraged the bishops of Rome to venture on.

"Of these itinerant bishops I met with three while I was myself an itinerant, in different parts of India, and have always been glad to render them any hospitality or trifling services in my power. Those whom I met had the appearance and reputation of holy and humble men, extremely well disposed, as is the case with the majority of their clergy and laity, to think favourably of the doctrine and ritual of the English church. With one of them, Mar Abraham, a suffragan of the patriarch of Jerusalem whom I had known at Dacca, and now met again on my return to Calcutta, I have had several opportunities of friendly intercourse. He frequently visited at my house and at Bishop's College; he attended service in the cathedral, and assisted, with myself and my clergy, in an ordination of priests, on which occasion I gave him a seat at my right hand, and treated him, as I had previously done the Syrian metropolitan whom I met at Bombay, with the respect due to his apostolic character. My object has been in this, as in every other instance of intercourse with the eastern Christians, to acquire that sort of influence with them which may tend to their good, convincing them that the church of England neither

claims nor desires any pre-eminence or jurisdiction over them, and that we are only anxious to be the means of reviving learning and scriptural knowledge among their clergy, and increasing in a spirit of brotherly good will, their usefulness and respectability.

“Mar Abraham, I have reason to hope, was fully convinced of my sincerity. He appeared much pleased and impressed with our ordination service, and other parts of our liturgy, which one of his flock translated for him. He complained on more than one occasion of the injury which their own forms had sustained by the interpolation of the church of Rome, through which almost all the theological literature which his nation preserves has unfortunately long been filtered. He wrote, of his own accord, a strong letter to the new Syrian metropolitan of the Malayalim, exhorting him to shun the snares of the Romish church, and to place confidence in our offered goodwill; he readily became the bearer of a proposal from me to his patriarch, for printing Armenian ecclesiastical works at Bishop's College, instead of at Venice; and he gave a still stronger proof of his confidence, in requesting me, on his departure for Jerusalem, to take charge of a fine young man, a relation of his own, and a deacon in attendance on him, in order that he might receive some education at Bishop's College in the English language, and more generally in western literature.

“He stated, as a motive for this request, that his church had long been anxious to obtain a more enlarged education for her clergy, and had long felt the inconvenience of de-

iving it through Rome and Venice; that Mesrop David, being a young man of good abilities, and with good friends, was likely to rise to considerable rank in the Church of Jerusalem; and that, to that church, the knowledge which he might obtain among us, would probably be an essential advantage. He offered at the same time to pay for his board, but, well knowing his poverty, I assured him that was needless.

"On communicating what had passed to the Principal and the College Council, I had the satisfaction to find that they fully agreed with me in the importance of the advantages which might follow to the general cause of Christianity in the East, from such an opening, and the propriety of doing every thing in our power to encourage the favourable dispositions of those who were thus willing to draw near to us and to learn from us."

This last quotation, with Mrs. Heber's kind permission, I have taken from the sheets of the forthcoming life of the Bishop—a work that must insure attention, as relating to a man, who offered one of those approaches to human perfection, so rarely met on earth, and whose stay among us generally tends to prove the truth of Petrarca's lament, that—

"Cosa bella mortal, passa e non dura!"

The Greeks have as much to do as the Armenians with my book—a great deal more with my affection or sympathy. I am speaking too—feebly, but warmly—on the diffusion of knowledge and civilization, and, were the matter entirely foreign to my present subject, I think I could scarcely avoid, in an opportunity of claiming public at-

tention, the directing that attention to a project my heart and head alike advocate—I mean the plan for the education of the Greeks.

Since I last adverted in a public manner to this subject, some progress has been made, and names, honourable and influential in this country, have been enregistered, as ready to contribute to furnish the means of moral elementary education to an impoverished, a long demoralized, but most improvable people. The difference of religious or political feeling, which does not prevent co-operation, will not influence the application of the funds that may be raised. They will be used exclusively, as explained in more than one paper in circulation, to assist the Greeks to establish in Greece schools on the system of mutual instruction, and for furnishing the Greeks with a few simple and essential books with which they are almost entirely unprovided, and *without* which, the work of their improvement must be retarded. The prudent or the cautious may learn with pleasure, that it is not contemplated to pursue any measures independent of, or opposed to the government about to be established in Greece; but on the contrary, to act in unison or submission to that government, and the resident authorities in Septinsular Greece. Many gentlemen, among whom I may count some personal friends, have wisely made this a condition of their coming forward in the business.

We have released Greece from her degrading bondage; let us now assist the Greeks in their endeavours to become

worthy of freedom, and capable of enjoying its blessings! "An alliance for such purposes," (says *The Times Newspaper* of April 24,) "may justly be termed 'holy,' and the members of it will acquire a claim on the gratitude of Greece, almost equal to that which has been created by her liberation from political tyranny."

For further information on the subject, and for a valuable advocacy, I refer the reader to "*Dr. Kennedy's conversations with Lord Byron*," a most interesting book, which, in a few days, will be before the public.

I remember, several years ago, and in a foreign land, the impression made upon my mind, when I read in a number of the *Quarterly Review*, the eloquent, the concluding paragraph of Sir John Malcolm's admirable work on Central India; and I would adapt it here, extending the view from India to the World at large, from our conquests, or armed occupation, to our moral as well as our political influence and example.

"Let us, therefore, calmly proceed in a course of gradual improvement; and when our rule ceases—for cease it must, (though probably at a remote period,) as the natural consequence of our success in the diffusion of knowledge, we shall, as a nation, have the proud boast that we have preferred the civilization to the continued subjection of India. When our power is gone, our name will be revered; for we shall leave a moral monument more noble and imperishable than the hand of man ever constructed." It is, indeed, by pursuing a glorious course like this, that we may contribute to the realization of a Poet's prophecy.

"Thy mighty destiny methinks I see,
All to outlive the lesser nations round,
Mother of empires, knit by the broad sea,
Long shall thy manners grow, thy language sound.

Destruction cannot reach thee; thy large life,
Fountained by many hearts, defies her wiles;
And should'st thou fall at home by age or strife,
Thou livest on, in continents and isles.—

Creation, by William Ball, London, 1830.

ADDITIONAL NOTE.

I was aware that the Armenians possessed a translation in their language, of the Father of Epic Poetry, and I had seen a copy of Homer printed at Constantinople, but it is in England I have learned that they have a version of our own Milton, and in Lord Holland's library that I have seen an impression of the curious book made at Venice. The translation is the work of Father Paschal Auger, of the society of San Lazaro, who dedicates it to an Englishman, to Lord William Russel, "with the deepest feelings of gratitude for the generosity manifested by his lordship in forwarding its publication." It was printed (very elegantly) in 1824. I have now in my hands an English and Armenian grammar, also printed at Venice, and written by the same Father Paschal, with the assistance of Lord Byron, whom he instructed in the Eastern idiom—a singular *collaboration*, and a proof (one among many) of the goodnature of the noble and unfortunate poet.

Among the treasures in the library of H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, there is a copy of the first printed edition of the Armenian translation of the Bible, (Amsterdam, 1666). Another edition, in the same collection, was printed at Venice in 1733—only a few years after the establishment of the Armenian colony at San-Lazaro.

THE END.

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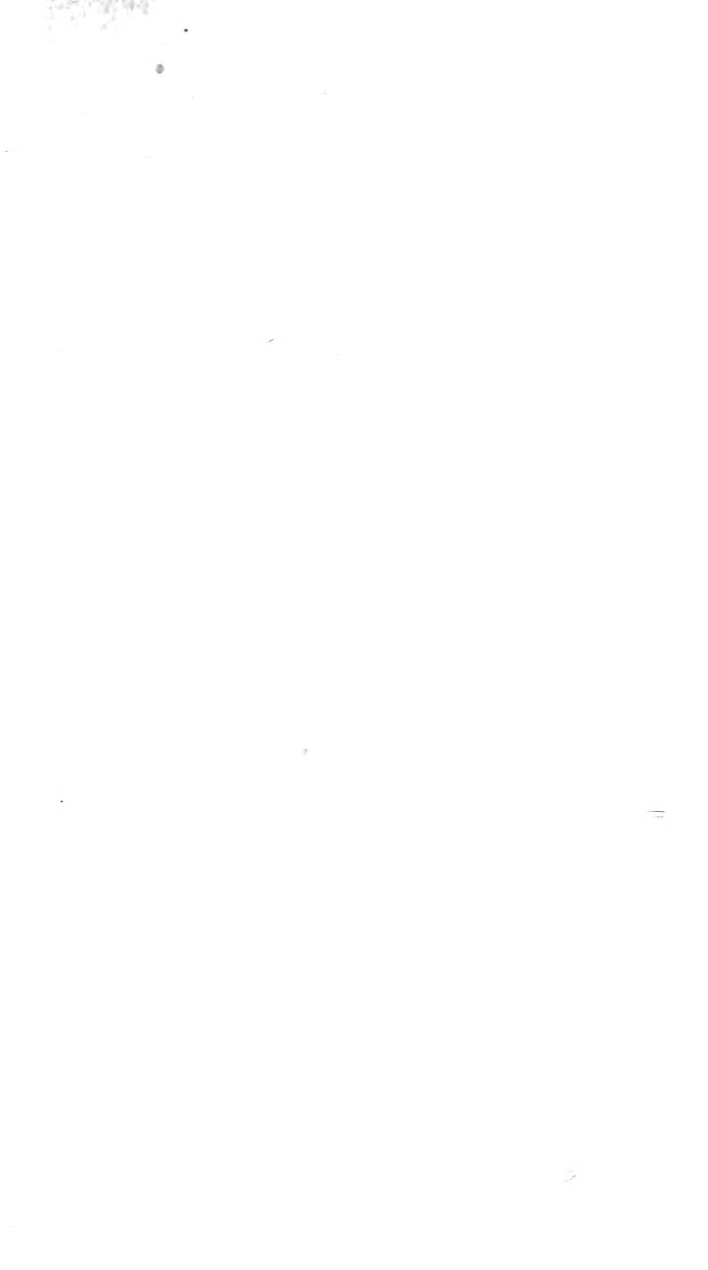
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